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POCKET NOVELS



The Cherokee Chief. 156



THE CHEROKEE CHIEF:

OR,

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE SALUDA.

A ROMANCE OF 1756.

BY J. STANLEY HENDERSON,

AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POCKET NOVELS:

No. 131 RED PLUME.

No. 133 THE LOST CACHE.

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No. 149. THE UNSEEN HAND.

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SALOUEN, THE CHEROKEE.

CHAPTER I.

SALOUEN, THE REJECTED.

IN a pleasant valley on the Saluda river, in what is now known as the north-western part of South Carolina, there lived, in the year 1756, a family of English descent, named Crawley, who had emigrated to that region from Virginia.

William Crawley, the head of the family, was a man in the prime of life, a substantial, intelligent farmer, who lived happily on his fertile acres, with his loving wife and his two fine children. His plantation was partly cleared and well cultivated, and a substantial and comfortable log house stood upon it, together with all necessary outbuildings. Within sight of the house flowed the quiet river, bordered by a rich and beautiful meadow. Beyond, toward the west and north-west, stretched the vast forest, on the further side of which towered the dark masses of the Blue Ridge.

William Crawley's eldest child was his son, Matthew, a tall, strong and active young man of twenty-one, who was not only a valuable assistant to his father on the farm, but was already somewhat noted as a hunter and woodsman. The other was his daughter, Hester, a handsome, high-spirited and brown-haired girl of eighteen. Matthew's strength and manly qualities were the pride and hope of his parents, and Hester's beauty and amiable traits were no less their joy and delight. Hester Crawley did not lack admirers, even in that thinly-settled country, but it was understood that her heart had been given to Warren Stafford, the son of a farmer who lived within five miles of her father's house.

Beyond the Blue Ridge stretched the rugged ranges of the Alleghanies. Between the Alleghanies and the Cumberland mountains, near the eastern and southern lines of Tennessee,

dwelt the Cherokee Indians, a large, powerful and intelligent nation, who were far ahead of most of the aboriginal tribes in the arts and practices of civilization. The country which they inhabited possessed great natural advantages, abounding in pleasant valleys, fertile fields and immense forests, and girt in by lofty mountains. Their corn-fields were extensive and well cultivated, and their numerous towns were generally well built and fenced in. Besides the strength of their position, the Cherokees were so numerous and warlike that they were able at any time to send six thousand warriors into the field.

Living on the frontier of the English possessions, so near to this formidable community of savages, it might be supposed that William Crawley would feel some uneasiness concerning the safety of his property and his family, and that his position was really a dangerous one. The Cherokees, however, were a peaceable people, compared to other tribes, and were disposed to be friendly to the whites, with whom their relations had, for a long time, been of an amicable character. William Crawley, therefore, although he could not feel that he was in perfect security, had cleared his land and cultivated his fertile acres as if he did not have the fear of invasion before his eyes.

But a cloud had arisen in the west, which was spreading, dark and threatening, toward the zenith, overshadowing the Carolina colonies and the homestead of William Crawley. Although the French and English colonists had been carrying on a desultory war for about two years, there had been no formal recognition of the struggle by the home governments of the two countries, which had remained at peace with each other. But in May, 1756, war was formally declared by Great Britain against France, and the colonies began to make preparations to carry on the conflict in a regular and vigorous manner, for the purpose of bringing it to a decisive result.

Although the Cherokees were peaceably inclined toward the Carolinians, a quarrel had for a long time existed between them and the Virginians. Their country lay within the region which was claimed and partly occupied by the French, who, as was well known, would use their best endeavors to arouse their enmity and excite their warlike inclinations against the

English settlers. There was immediate danger, therefore, that the Carolinas would be involved in the war, in which, as a matter of course, the people on their frontiers must suffer severely. To avert this danger, the colonists had sent deputies to the Cherokees, to make a treaty of peace, and to secure their friendship and neutrality in the contest, if they should not be able to obtain their aid against the French. The result of this mission was anxiously awaited in the Carolinas, especially by the settlers upon the border.

This was the subject upon which William Crawley and his family were conversing, one evening in the summer of 1756, as they sat under the spreading trees in front of their house, looking out over their beautiful meadows and the extensive forest, toward the dark boundary of the Blue Ridge.

"Suppose this mission should fail," suggested Mrs. Crawley with an apprehensive glance at Hester, who seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the fine prospect.

"I think there can be no danger of failure," replied her husband. "We have assurances that the Cherokees are favorably inclined and anxious for peace with us, and we have nothing to apprehend, except from the intrigue of the French traders."

"Those Frenchmen have a great deal of influence with the Indians, father," said Matthew Crawley. "They know now to manage the red-men better than we do, and I really believe that the secret of their management lies in the fact that they treat them better and keep the promises that they make to them."

"Pshaw! my son. No people are more humane than the English, and none are more willing to protect the Indians in their rights and to teach them their interests."

"Their disposition may be good enough, but they seem to have a poor way of putting it in practice. We know that the Indians are more willing to live under the rule of the French than under that of the English, and that the greater part of them have always, in our former wars, sided with the French."

"The French are very cunning, no doubt, and have been able to make the Indians believe that they are stronger than the English; but you should remember, Matthew, that the

Cherokees are different from the northern tribes, and that they are not so much under the influence of our enemies. I believe that our deputies, by using the proper means, can induce the Indians to remain quiet, if not to assist us."

"But the French traders, father, now that war has actually been declared between the two countries, will set at work in earnest. They will take advantage of every chance to excite the Cherokees against us, and I am afraid that it will only be too easy for them to find such a pretext as they want."

"We must hope for the best, my son, and the prospect now is, I think, that no present danger is to be apprehended."

"But you have not yet answered my question," persisted Mrs. Crawley. "Suppose this mission fails, and the Cherokees conclude to unite with the French, what are we to do? We are very near the border, and will be among the first to suffer, if the Indians invade our country."

"If the deputies should fail, I suppose we would be informed of it in time to make preparations for a retreat to a place of safety, if it should be necessary to retreat. But it is probable that our governor will send a sufficient force to protect the frontier, if not to compel the Indians to side with us. I think it very likely that we would not be molested in any event, as the Indians whom we have seen have been very friendly to us, and still continue to be so, with the exception, perhaps, of Saloueh, the young Cherokee chief, who has been making love to Hester. Do you think that we can depend upon his friendship, my daughter?"

"I think, sir," replied Hester, with a blush, "that I would rather joke upon almost any subject than that. He has annoyed me greatly, and he persists in persecuting me with his attentions, although he knows that they are unwelcome to me."

"He is a fine young fellow, Hester, and his favor might be very important to us."

"I know it, sir, and I have always tried to treat him well. He has no occasion to complain of me. I respect him very much, as an Indian, but I can not feel toward him as I would toward a white man."

"As you feel toward Warren Stafford, for instance. It is plain that poor Saloueh has fallen desperately in love with

you, and the victim of such a hopeless passion is to be pitied. We must treat him kindly, but he must not be permitted to presume too far."

"There is some one coming across the meadow from the river, and I believe it is Saloueh himself," said Matthew.

In a short time an Indian came riding up the slope, and approached the place where the family were seated. He was mounted on a fine horse, was richly dressed, and his whole appearance bespoke him a person of rank and distinction in his tribe. Tall, and of a fine figure, with noble, aquiline features, piercing eyes, and handsome face, he was a splendid sample of the better class of Indian warriors. His limbs, well-shaped, sinewy and supple, and his graceful and easy movements, showed that his physical training had been such as to correspond with his position and to develop his bodily qualities. Although dressed in his gayest attire, he was armed with his rifle, tomahawk and scalping-knife.

"We are happy to see Saloueh," said William Crawley, rising and advancing to meet the young warrior. "Will the young chief dismount and sit with us? How flourish our good friends, the Cherokees? When did you leave the fair town of Estatoe?"

"The Hiwassee still flows toward the west; the mountains are as high as ever; and my people are well," replied the warrior, as he alighted from his horse. "Two suns have set since I left my lodge."

"You have been riding well, for it is many miles to the country of the Cherokees."

"Saloueh would be glad to fly, when he wishes to see the White Rose of the Saluda," replied the chief, with his eyes bent admiringly upon Hester.

"My child should be proud of having attracted the attention of such a great chief. But we have been speaking of more serious concerns. Have the deputies who were sent by our governor yet reached your country?"

"Saloueh has not seen them. There are no Englishmen among the Cherokees."

"Perhaps they have not yet set out. If they have, they travel slowly. What do you think of the prospect for peace? Is it good or bad?"

"Attakulla is the friend of the English, and he is a chief whose voice is always heard," evasively replied Salouch. "Oconostota, the great warrior, advises peace."

"What are the French traders doing? Will they persuade your people to go to war with the English?"

"The French have always been our friends, and there are many of them among us. They will do what they can; but we are Cherokees, and not the children of the king of France. The Englishmen in Virginia have lied to us, and have treated us badly; but our old men do not wish to disturb any one, and they tell us that we must have peace?"

"But what do the young men think about it?" quickly asked Matthew Crawley. "What does Salouch say? No one is better able to speak for the young warriors of the Cherokees than he is."

"Salouch will not lie!" proudly replied the Indian. "His heart is open and his tongue is straight. He has no cause to love the English, and his soul delights in war. But there is one thing that would incline him to peace."

"What is that?" eagerly asked William Crawley.

"If my father will give me the White Rose of the Saluda for my wife, my voice will be for peace, and I will always be a friend of the English."

The young warrior, as he spoke, gazed earnestly at Hester, who blushed and bent down her head. Her father looked at both with a troubled and anxious expression.

"Let Salouch ask me for any thing else," said he, "and I will try to grant his request. My daughter is already given away. She has found a mate among her own people."

"Is this bad news all true?" asked Salouch. "What does the White Rose say?"

"I have already told you," replied Hester, as she raised her head, and looked her red admirer fearlessly in the face, "that it is useless for you to seek me in that way. I wish to be your friend, but I love a young man of my own race, and he, as I hope and believe, is to be my husband. I trust that I will hear no more from you on this matter, and that you will not take it unkindly that I have been plain in telling you so."

"Is his blood better than mine because his skin is white?"

Indignantly exclaimed the Indian. "Is his heart any truer, or his soul any greater than mine? Salouch is a chief and the son of a chief, and he is honored among his people. More land is his than your Englishman will ever own. Who is braver in battle than Salouch? Who is more active in the chase? Who can surpass him with the rifle or the bow? Who is swifter of foot or stronger of limb? The maidens of the Cherokees sigh for Salouch, and weep when he leaves them, but the White Rose of the Saluda turns him away and makes nothing of him."

"It is not my fault that I love one of my own race. I want to treat you kindly and be a friend to you. You can easily find a better wife among the maidens of the Cherokees."

"There is none like the White Rose. Salouch has set his heart upon her, and he will never be satisfied without her. He can love no other while she lives, and if she should die he will follow her to the spirit land. His love soars like yonder eagle, and, like the eagle, it flies where it pleases, and can strike with its strong beak and hold its prey with its sharp talons."

Above the tree-tops, poised by its broad wings, an eagle was slowly circling in the clear atmosphere; but its leisurely flight and the impetuous words of the young warrior were both interrupted by the sharp crack of a rifle.

The eagle whirled and fluttered, and fell heavily on the ground near the group. Salouch, with a sad look at the stricken bird which he had made the emblem of his love, covered his face with his scarlet blanket, and turned away his head.

From among the trees at the right of the house stepped out a tall and fine-looking young man, attired in a hunter's shirt, cap and leggings. His smoking rifle showed that it was he who had fired the shot.

"I have sent you a present, Hetty," he said, with a merry laugh, "and you see that it arrived before the giver. That fine fellow was soaring very proudly, but my good rifle brought him low. Who have you got here? Is it another of those rascally red-skins, or the same fellow whom I have seen hanging about here?"

"Speak him fairly, Master Stafford," said William Crawley. "Speak him fairly and kindly, for he has been a friend to us, and it ought not to anger you that he loves our Hetty, for how could he help it? It is Salouch, the young chief of the Cherokees."

"Has the fellow been troubling Hetty again? It is time that a stop was put to his impertinence. Look you here Salouch, or whatever your name may be, you had better stay among your own color and kind, for you are not wanted here. Miss Hester Crawley would no more condescend to mate with you than would a dove with a buzzard. Pack off, I tell you, and I advise you not to show your copper face in these parts again."

The countenance of the young warrior darkened with anger, but he controlled himself, silently mounted his horse, with a last look at Hester Crawley, and rode away. William Crawley cast a reproving glance at the young hunter, and shook his head forebodingly.

"You did wrong to anger him, Master Stafford, although he is an Indian," said he. "The future is uncertain at the best, and I fear that Salouch may give us trouble."

"Perhaps I was too hasty and too harsh," replied Warren Stafford; "but I could not bear that the fellow should come here and insult Hetty with his offers."

CHAPTER II.

SALOUEN, THE AVENGER.

KEOWEE was one of the largest and most important Cherokee towns in the beautiful valley of East Tennessee. It contained nearly two hundred houses, which were well built, and neatly and regularly arranged, the whole being surrounded by a strong fence, which might serve as a fortification in case of attack.

One day in the summer of 1756, Keowee was the center of much excitement, and was thronged with representatives from

all parts of the Cherokee nation. The grand point of interest was the council-house, a large wooden building in the middle of the town, which was crowded by as many as were able to obtain admission, and surrounded by those who were unable to repress their feelings of interest or curiosity.

An important question was being discussed in that council-house. War had been declared by Great Britain against France, and the war was one in which the American colonies were largely interested. The Cherokees, living between the possessions of both parties, upon lands which, although rightfully their own, were claimed and coveted by both belligerents, were certain of being affected by the war, and could hardly fail to be drawn into the contest, on one side or the other.

The English colonists, in the Carolinas, had sent a deputation composed of some of their best men, to the Cherokees, to solicit their aid in the struggle. On the arrival of these deputies, runners had been sent through the nation, and a grand council had been convened at Keowee, to deliberate upon the propositions that had been made by the English.

The question of peace or war was being discussed with calmness and good temper by the council and the commissioners. The latter enlarged upon the great power and strength of England, and endeavored to persuade the Indians that nothing but an alliance with the English could preserve their lands and property, and save them from destruction. The Indians, on their part, desired peace, but showed a disposition to unite with the strongest side, if they should be compelled to choose. Their young men, it is true, were eagerly in favor of war, allured by the harvest of plunder and reputation that they expected to gather in the Carolina settlements; but they were overruled by the older and cooler heads, especially by Oconostota, the great warrior of the nation, and Attakulla, the influential and unfailing friend of the English.

The negotiations had progressed so favorably, and had apparently approached so near to a conclusion, that two of the colonists, Henry Derbymore and Elias Wansley, considering that their presence was no longer necessary, and anxious

to escape the heat of the crowded council-chamber, strolled out into the town, and conversed under the shade of the trees.

"Really, friend Elias," said Derbymore, "we have great reason to be satisfied and thankful with the success of our endeavors so far. We have prevailed with the Indians much more easily than I had supposed we could, and we will have a pleasant report to carry home, which will gladden the hearts and allay the fears of many good people in the Carolinas."

"Do not be too certain," replied Wansley. "'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' says the old proverb, and you know that the Indians are treacherous and not to be depended upon, however solemnly they may be bound by treaties. Besides, the question is not yet settled. The young men are hot for war, and there are emissaries of the French in the town, who are even now seeking to excite them and to stir them up against our colonies."

"You are too fearful, friend Elias. The Cherokees are a people of intelligence and some pretensions to civilization. Their pacific declarations may be depended upon, and the wiser heads will hold in check the hot-blooded youths."

"I hope it may be so, for I should pity the settlers upon our borders if the Cherokees should turn against us. But who comes here? What wounded man is it that this crowd is hurrying along? What is the meaning of their uproar?"

A number of Indians came dashing along the path, shouting, yelling and brandishing their weapons. Among them were several women, whose screams and howls increased the uproar and confusion. At the head of the furious mob was a tall young warrior, whose face was blazing with excitement and indignation. He held by the hand a nearly naked Indian, down whose left arm the blood was flowing out of a wound from which the bandage had been partially torn.

As the young warrior passed the two Englishmen, he darted savage glances toward them, and shook his tomahawk threateningly at them, uttering imprecations in his own language. His example was followed by others, and the lives of the Englishmen seemed to be in danger, until the mob

tumultuously followed their leader, who hurried them to the council-house.

"Here is some great and fearful excitement," said Derbymore. "I wonder what can be the cause of it. I was really afraid that that young savage was about to murder me."

"That is Salouch, the young chief of Estatoe," replied Wansley. "It is he who has been foremost in exciting the warriors against us, and we have more to fear from him than from any other man among the Cherokees. I will be bound that he has found some fresh cause of complaint, which he means to hurl into the council of chiefs as a firebrand. Let us go to the council-house, and learn what is the matter."

Wansley took the arm of his friend, and led him back into the council-house, where they found the assemblage in a state of great excitement and confusion.

Salouch had forced his way in, accompanied by several of his followers, and had commenced a speech, abounding in savage invective and denunciation of the English, still holding by the arm the wounded Indian whom he had dragged through the town.

"Who will speak of peace now?" he wildly exclaimed, brandishing his tomahawk with a menacing gesture. "Who will be so mean and base as to send out our young men to fight for these lying and bloody-minded English, against our friends, the French? Look at me! Look at this man who stands by my side! Many of you know him, for he is one of our brothers, and you have often seen him on the war-path or in the chase. Look at this wound in his arm, and the blood that flows from it! That blood was shed by the lying English, who wish to kill us all and to rob us of our lands. He went to the Ohio, to the beautiful river, with a party of his friends, to visit the Frenchmen who live in that country. On their return, as they were peaceably traveling toward their home, they were attacked, without any provocation, by the English of Virginia, and all were cruelly murdered except this one man, who has brought his wounds to show you. Who will now speak of peace with these robbers and murderers? The spirits of our slain brothers call upon us for vengeance. You can hear their wives and children lamenting

outside of the council-house, and demanding vengeance at your hands. Is this a time to talk of peace? I am for war, and all who are not cowards, or have not been bought by the English, will go with me to take vengeance upon the murderers of our brothers. Let us commence now, for the Great Spirit has given us the scalps of these English, to hang up in the empty wigwams!"

As Salouch concluded his harangue, he shouted his war-cry, which was taken up and repeated by hundreds of voices in the council-house and outside of it.

A tremendous uproar ensued. The council-room resounded with savage yells, and knives were drawn and tomahawks were brandished and shaken at the affrighted Englishmen.

The deputies huddled together, surrounded by an excited mob, and it seemed, for a time, as if nothing could save them from immediate massacre. But Attakulla and Oconostota, with others of the older and wiser chiefs, opposed themselves to the popular torrent, and finally succeeded in stemming it, although their voices were drowned by the clamor of the excited warriors.

By the exertions of their friends, the Englishmen were with difficulty got away from the crowd, and were taken to a place of safety, where they were securely guarded until the next morning, when they were sent to their homes accompanied, for a considerable distance, by a strong escort of trusty warriors.

Salouch and his fellow agitators, disappointed at not having been able to wreak their vengeance upon the defenseless deputies, left the council-house, breathing threats of war and massacre. They had, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that they had prevented the formation of the treaty of peace and alliance with the English.

In the evening of the same memorable day, Salouch, whose hands were stained with the blood of the wounded warrior, and whose clothes were thick with the dust that had been raised while he was leading the mob through the town, went to a spring, which was situated at the bottom of a shaded and rocky ravine, a little distance from the fence that surrounded Keowee.

As he was washing the blood from his arms, and bathing his

passion-heated brow in the clear and cool water, he heard a slight rustling among the trees, and an Indian maiden parted the foliage and stood before him.

She was a little above the ordinary height of Indian women, slender and graceful in form, with features that were regular and really beautiful. Her large dark eyes and rich red lips well became her brown complexion, in which the warm blood rose and mantled with every change of expression. The crown of her beauty was her abundance of raven hair, which was neatly braided and tastefully arranged upon her well-shaped head. She was dressed as became the daughter of a chief, and a few ornaments of gold and silver showed that she was a favorite child of one who was able to indulge her fancies. As she spoke, there was a mournful tenderness in her voice and expression, proving that she had already tasted of the bitter cup of sorrow.

"Has Salouch been so angry that nothing but the water of the spring can cool his passion?" she asked, in soft and musical tones. "Is he washing the blood of the red-man from his hands that he may stain them with that of the Englishmen? Why has he staid away so long from Moawee?"

The face of the young warrior grew dark as he lifted it up from the water, and he was evidently irritated by the words of the maiden.

"Does not Moawee know," was his petulant reply, "that Salouch is a chief and a warrior? He has work to do for his people, and he can not leave it to sit by the side of an idle girl."

"It is because he does not love Moawee that he neglects her. His work is a bloody and revengeful work, and it is not good in the eyes of the Great Spirit. The chief should stop and think before he suffers himself to be hurried away by his passions, or he will commit great crimes, and will ruin his people."

"You talk like a child, very foolishly," angrily exclaimed Salouch. "You should leave such matters to the chiefs and warriors, who understand them. It is but a little while since men of the Cherokees were murdered by the English. Have you not heard the weeping of their wives and children? Is not this water stained with blood from the wounds of the

only one who escaped? I need not be afraid of the English because Attakulla is a coward."

"The English who were here to-day—the English of the Carolinas—have done no such deed," remonstrated the girl. "You have no right to punish the innocent for the crime of the guilty."

"The heart of Moawee is too soft, and her head is too weak. A warrior should not waste his words upon her."

"There was a time when Salouch never spoke so harshly to Moawee; there was a time when his words were always soft and loving, when he took delight in being near Moawee, when he never thought that her heart was too soft, or her head too weak. He has changed, and Moawee is forsaken."

"The daughter of Attakulla must know," sternly said the young warrior, "that I no longer love her, and that I consider her father my enemy while he remains a friend to the English."

These cruel words seemed almost to crush the heart of the girl. Her eyes filled with tears, her slender frame shook, and she leaned against a tree as if for support. It was a few moments before she recovered her composure sufficiently to speak.

"I know," she said, "why it is that Salouch no longer loves me. It is not because he hates the English, or because he dislikes Attakulla, but because he has been in the English settlements, where he has seen a white rose growing in an Englishman's garden, and he has wished to pluck it and to place it in his wigwam."

The face of the young warrior flushed with shame and indignation, for he could not deny the charge, and he wondered how the girl had discovered his secret.

"It is true," he said, "I have seen the White Rose of the Saluda, and I mean to pluck it and place it in my wigwam. If Moawee knew this, she should not have come to seek me. The maidens of the Cherokees have not been taught to pursue the young men, and to force upon them love that is not wanted."

As he turned to go, Moawee held up her hand warningly

"Hear me for the last time, Salouch!" she exclaimed. "You are going to your destruction; you may despise Moawee, but she will yet triumph over you; you may pluck the White Rose of the Saluda, but it shall never be placed in your wigwam. I have spoken."

Salouch was about to make an indignant and taunting reply, but the girl darted off through the trees, and disappeared from his view.

Within three days after the council was broken up, Salouch headed a strong war-party, which invaded the Carolinas, carrying death and devastation through the scattered settlements. Among the homesteads that were destroyed, was that of William Crawley, who was murdered, together with his wife. His son Matthew escaped by being absent from home; but Hester was seized and carried into captivity.

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO RED FRIENDS.

THE war, which had been so violently and rashly begun, raged with fury and continued during several years. The young warriors, instigated by French emissaries, rushed down from their mountain fastnesses upon the frontiers of the Carolinas, regardless of the counsel and opposition of the older part of the nation, spreading destruction and massacre among the defenseless inhabitants. Houses and fields were laid in ruins, and neither age nor sex was spared by their merciless tomahawks and scalping-knives.

When Governor Lyttleton, of South Carolina, summoned the militia to meet at the Congarees, for the purpose of punishing the red aggressors, and protecting the frontiers from invasion, the Cherokees became frightened, and a sort of peace was patched up. It was soon broken, however, and again the red torrent poured down upon the settlements.

In the spring of 1760, the militia of the Carolinas, assisted by a Dutch war-party, invaded the country

of the Cherokees, and laid waste a portion of it. They destroyed the town of Estatoe and Keowee, and marched to the relief of Fort George, which was situated on the Isundiga river, on the Cherokee border.

Salouch and Fiftoe were sworn friends. From boyhood they had been close companions, and their friendship increased with their years. Together they had sought the pleasures of the chase and the perils of the war-path. They had eaten and slept and hunted and fought together, until they were almost inseparable. But their strongest bond of union was their common hatred of the English. On this point, more than upon any other, they were fully agreed, and Salouch had no more eager and active coadjutor, in his war-like designs upon the settlements, than his friend Fiftoe.

Fiftoe differed considerably in personal appearance from his friend. While the latter was a light copper-color, the former was very dark even for an Indian. He was, also, of a stronger frame, and heavier in limb than his friend, though not so active and supple. Salouch, however, was the leading spirit, and Fiftoe was always willing to follow where he led, and to aid him in all his schemes. The known bravery of both, together with the enterprise and intelligence of the one, and the unyielding stubbornness of the other, made them formidable enemies to the English, and they were feared and respected as such.

Salouch and Fiftoe stood together amid the ruins of Estatoe. Around them were the ashes of the dwellings which had lately been the happy homes of many of their people, and the sunny fields in which the sprouting corn had been trampled down and destroyed.

Their faces were dark as they gazed upon the scene of desolation; but when they looked at each other, the mournful expression was changed to one of stern determination; revenge gleamed in their eyes, and hatred burned upon their lips.

"Let us swear," said Salouch, as he grasped the hand of his friend; "let us swear by the Great Spirit, that we will make the English pay dearly for this work, that we will not cease to fight them until we have revenge for the fate of strong Keowee and beautiful Estatoe, that we will show no

mercy upon them until the souls of our slain brothers are satisfied !”

“ I swear it by the Great Spirit !” replied Fiftoe. “ I will follow my brother wherever he will lead. We will follow and hang upon the trail of the English. Our war-cries shall rouse them from their slumbers, and our tomahawks shall drink their blood, until it washes away the ashes of our towns. We will fight together, and Fiftoe shall never be separated from his friend, except by death.”

“ Our people are frightened and scattered,” said Salouch. “ The women and children and the old men have fled to the mountains ; many of the warriors have gone with them, and there are few left to resist the English who are marching through the country ; but those few are enough.”

“ How are they enough ? What can we do ?”

“ Much. We will let the English march on toward Fort George, but they shall never reach it. Mountains and rivers and swamps are in their way, and they must cut their path through thickets, and lose themselves in deep ravines.”

“ But how will you stop them ? If they do not reach Fort George, they will go to Etchoe, and will destroy the town.”

“ No part of them but their scalps shall ever reach Etchoe. I know a thicket where one man can hardly see another who steps before him. We will lie in ambush for them there, and will kill them, while they can not hurt us.”

Fiftoe uttered an exclamation of delight, and shook his tomahawk at an imaginary foe.

“ Salouch was born to be a warrior and a chief,” he said. “ He sees all things, and knows how to meet the enemy at all times. Fiftoe will follow his brother, for he believes in him, and together we will drink the blood of these miserable English.”

The two warriors again clasped hands, and renewed their oath of hatred to the English and war to the death.

They then went down to a spring near the ruins of the village, where they built a fire, and prepared their evening meal. After they had eaten, a pipe was lighted, which they smoked by turns in silence.

“ Have you forgotten the White Rose of the Saluda ?” suddenly asked Fiftoe, as he passed the pipe to his friend.

A change quickly came over the countenance of Salouen. His face grew dark, his lip trembled, and he hung his head dejectedly.

"Forgotten her!" he exclaimed. "I can never forget her. She is always with me. I see her with the inside eye, but I can never touch her, and she will never speak to me. The heart of Salouen is sad, and he will never be satisfied with any thing until he can find the White Rose."

"Where is she? What became of her? Why did you not keep her when you had her?"

"I do not know how I lost her. I left her in charge of two of my warriors, and thought that she was safe; but, when I came to inquire for her, she was gone, and they could tell me nothing about her. They said she must be a spirit, or that she had been taken away by the Great Spirit, for they had not slept, and she could not have gone in her own form, or by mortal aid, without being seen by them, for they kept strict watch."

"It is very strange. Was there no trail?"

"Nothing of the kind. There was not a track, nor any mark to show in what way she had gone. I searched for her very carefully, but could not find her, and since then I have not seen her, nor have I heard of her."

"Perhaps the warriors helped her to escape, or suffered her to do so."

"It is impossible. I could trust them as well as I could trust you. They have never lied to me."

"Perhaps she slipped away unseen, and went back to her own people."

"She could not have gone away without leaving some sign by which she could be traced. Besides, she is not among the English."

"How do you know?"

"The White Rose is very beautiful, and I could not help hearing of her if she was any where in the Carolinas, for all would speak of her. I have inquired of prisoners, and of all other English whom I have met, but they know nothing of her. They say that her father and mother were killed, and that she was carried off as a captive. They suppose that she is still a captive, if she is not dead."

"Perhaps she went to Charleston, where you could not hear from her."

"When the thirty-two chiefs went to Charleston to try to make peace with the English, I asked several of them to inquire about her, as I was not willing to accompany them on an errand of peace. They did so, but they could learn nothing about her."

"Perhaps she is dead."

"She is not dead."

"How do you know?"

"I am sure of it. I feel that she is still alive. I see her often with the inside eye, and I could not see her so if she was dead. I will never give her up, and I feel certain that I shall yet find her. When I do find her, she shall never leave me."

"She will not be glad to go into the wigwam of the chief who killed her father and her mother."

"I did not kill them. I wanted to spare them, but I was taking care of the White Rose, and I could not restrain my warriors."

Salouch knocked the ashes from his pipe into the embers of the fire, and gazed vacantly and mournfully into space.

Suddenly, he started up and pointed with his outstretched arm into the forest, his eyes opened wide and glaring, his countenance and attitude expressive of wonder and great excitement.

"What is the matter with my brother? Who is that woman?" asked Fiftoe, following with his eyes the direction that was pointed out by his friend.

At the distance of about thirty paces from them, dimly seen in the uncertain twilight, motionless, and looking directly at the two warriors, stood a young and beautiful woman. She was neatly dressed in the costume of the Indian girls, but the curling tresses of her brown hair, and the clear white and red of her complexion, plainly showed that she was not of the Indian race. She seemed to be surrounded by a silvery haze caused by the reflection of the early moonlight upon the tiny drops of moisture with which the air was filled, and almost any man might, at first view, have been disposed to doubt whether she was mortal.

"It is a spirit," said Fiftoe, in a shuddering whisper.

"It is the White Rose!" exclaimed Salouch, breaking the spell which was upon him.

"She is dead. She is a spirit," again murmured Fiftoe.

"It is the White Rose, and she is alive. I have found her at last, and she shall not escape me now. Follow me, my brother!"

The young warrior bounded forward, tardily followed by his companion, but the girl eluded him, and fled swiftly through the forest. Salouch continued the chase, calling her by the name that he had given her, and imploring her to stop, until she darted into a thick clump of trees, and disappeared from his view.

He entered the thicket and searched carefully for the flying sprite, but he could not find her, nor could he see any trace by which he might follow her further.

"She was a spirit, and she has gone back into the air," said Fiftoe, as his friend abandoned the unavailing search.

"She is somewhere near us," replied Salouch. "She has slipped away, but she can not have gone far. Come on, and let us search for her!"

They left the thicket, and circled separately through the forest, vainly looking for the trail of the light-footed girl.

"Here she is!" exclaimed Fiftoe, at last.

Salouch hastened to his friend, and eagerly rushed forward to grasp a female figure which the latter pointed out to him; but he stopped short in amazement when he found that he was clasping the slender form of Moawee.

"What is the matter with Salouch?" asked the daughter of Attakulla. "Has the Great Spirit taken away his mind? He said that he no longer loved Moawee, but he chases her, and he hastens to take her in his arms."

"Is it you?" asked Salouch, with an imprecation. "What are you doing here? Where did you come from? Where is the White Rose?"

"The chief speaks in riddles. The ears of Moawee are open, but she does not understand him."

"Where is the White Rose? It was only a moment ago that I saw her, and she ran this way through the trees. Have you met her? What have you done with her?"

"The words of the chief are music to the ears of Moawee, but she does not understand them. Has Salouch seen a spirit?"

"It was no spirit. I tell you that I saw the White Rose of the Saluda. I know it was her, for her hair was light, and her skin was not red."

"The chief has seen a spirit, for he killed the White Rose when he murdered her people in the settlements of the English."

"I did not kill her. I saved her, and she escaped from me, and I have been seeking her every where. I believe you know where she is. Tell me about her."

"Is it to me that you come to ask news of her? The voice of the chief has always been pleasant to Moawee, but she does not love to hear him speak of the White Rose."

"I am certain that you know where she is. Tell me, before I force you to, for I must know."

"The Great Spirit has taken away the mind of Salouch. I must go, for I am afraid that he will kill me."

So saying, Moawee darted away like a bird, and in a moment was lost to the view of the baffled warrior.

"It was not Moawee that we saw, and it was not the White Rose, but it was a spirit," was the solemn conclusion of Fiftoe, as he seated himself upon a fallen tree.

"It was the White Rose," replied Salouch. "You do not love her as I do, or you would be as certain as I am."

"My brother must have seen her with the inner eye, as he says he has often seen her."

"I saw her plainly, and I feel sure that Moawee was with her, and that she knows where she is. When these English are killed or driven out of the country, I will find her, or Attakulla and his daughter shall die."

"Hist! There is an Indian, and it is not a Cherokee."

The attention of Fiftoe had been attracted by a rustling among the trees. Looking in the direction of the noise, he saw the head of an Indian raised above a clump of bushes, and two dark and piercing eyes fixed upon himself and his friend.

"It is a dog of a Catawba," said Salouch, hurling his tomahawk at the bush.

The Indian, who had started from his concealment, evaded the missile, and fled like a deer through the forest, pursued by the two warriors. Acting together, they nearly caught him, but he ran very swiftly and skillfully, and soon escaped them, under cover of the growing darkness.

Salouch and Fittoe despondingly returned to the spring at which they had left their weapons.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CATAWBA SPY.

UNDER the shade of lofty and spreading trees, on the rich green grass that bordered a rivulet, sat Matthew Crawley and Warren Stafford.

These two young men had grown a few years older since Stafford had so harshly treated the young Cherokee chief when he came to woo Hetty Crawley, and the appearance of both showed that they had not only suffered pains of the mind, but had undergone many labors and perils of the body. They had, indeed, during the last three or four years, passed through scenes of great excitement and danger, which had employed all their skill and called forth all their powers of endurance. The homes of both had been laid waste, and young Crawley had lost his parents and his sister, the former having been slain by the savages, and the latter, as was supposed, having been carried into a terrible captivity. Since that time—or, rather, since the commencement of the war—they had been actively engaged as members of the militia of their province, in defending the frontier against the ravages of the Indians, or in attacking the Cherokees in their own country. They had acted mostly together, both as soldiers and scouts, and had acquired an amount of information and experience in savage warfare which was very useful to their people at that time.

Matthew Crawley had developed into a large, strong and well-formed man, and his qualities of mind were not at all

behind his bodily abilities. As a soldier and a citizen, he was admired and respected by all, and he had been especially recommended to the British commander of the expedition against the Cherokees, as a man who could be trusted in any position.

Warren Stafford, also, had greatly changed for the better. The rashness of speech and action, which had been his chief fault in his earlier years, had almost disappeared, and his judgment and discretion, as well as his bravery, were considered equal to those of his more stolid and sedate companion. The former lightness of his demeanor had given place to a gravity beyond his years, and his fine features were shaded by a gloom which was seldom driven away by brighter thoughts.

The young men had been friends from their youth up, and of late years their friendship had been strengthened, and they had been drawn more closely together, by the tie of a great and common affliction. They had vowed to assist each other in endeavoring to rescue Hetty Crawley from the power of the savages, if she should yet be alive, and to avenge the death of her murdered parents. All the time that they had been able to spare from military service, and from other important duties, had been devoted to this object, but neither the brother nor the lover had been able to gain any trace of the lost girl, or to determine whether she was living or dead. Their vengeance had been wreaked abundantly upon the Cherokees, although it still remained to be executed upon Saloueh, whom they justly regarded as the real author of the massacre. Numbers of the savages had fallen victims to the unerring fire of their heavy rifles and the sharp edges of their tomahawks, and they had acquired a reputation which caused them to be hated and feared through all the Cherokee nation.

They were dressed in the usual homespun garb of hunters, but they wore feathers in their caps, and cross-belts for their ammunition pouches, which showed their connection with the militia, who had been called out by the governor of South Carolina.

They were seated, after dusk, near the remains of a small fire, engaged in smoking their pipes, the customary solace of backwoodsmen in the wilderness. Their caps and belts had

been taken off, their hunting-shirts were loosened to the evening breeze, and their rifles lay on the ground by their side, within easy reach.

"Do you know how far we are from Fort George?" asked Stafford.

"A good march yet; or a bad one, as I am afraid it will be," replied his friend.

"Why do you say a bad one?"

"Because I am convinced that the worst of our task is yet before us. It has been easy enough to march up here into the Indian country, to defeat a few scattered bodies of red-skins, and to burn the villages which we have met, while the greater part of the enemy were engaged in besieging the fort; but we have work to do now, and I doubt whether our numbers are sufficient for it."

"You say truly that we have the most difficult country and the worst enemy yet to meet. Oconostota is beyond us with his forces, and we have not fallen in with Salouch. When the former strikes at our head, the latter will surely be biting our heels."

"That is not all. They will have too many chances to strike and bite us. There are plenty of places this side of Fort George, where the red-skins can do us a great deal of damage, if they know how to take advantage of the ground."

"I will be bound for them that they know how to take advantage of every chance that can be offered to them."

"There is one valley, in particular, which it will hardly be possible for us to cross, if they take the precaution to oppose us at that place."

"You may be sure that they will do it. Had you not better explain these matters to the commander?"

"I have already explained them to him as much as is necessary. It was hardly worth while to do so, except for the purpose of caution, for we are bound to go through to the fort, or to make the attempt, at all events."

"The commander has no doubts, I am sure, for he believes that the bayonets of the British regulars can force a passage through any thing."

"They are very useful in their way. If we could meet the Cherokees in an open field, we could soon shew our

superiority ; but, in fighting in this country, I believe that our Carolina militiamen can do better than the regulars of King George. I wish, indeed, that this campaign was ended, and successfully ended, so that we might go together through the Cherokee country, and make a thorough search for poor Hetty. We have been on the trail a long time, but have yet really done nothing toward the attainment of our object. How long is it, Stafford, since we lost her ?”

“ Next October, it will be four years !”

“ So long ! It is a great while for her to remain in captivity, if she is still a prisoner. I am afraid that she has been murdered, or that she has died under the treatment of the savages.”

“ I have no such fear. We are not dead, Matthew, and I believe Hetty to be still alive, but it makes me shudder to imagine what may have happened to her.”

“ What reason have you for that belief ?”

“ The same that I have told you of more than once. Your negro man, who survived the massacre, said that she was not killed when she was taken, but was led away as a captive. He heard the order given that good care should be taken of her. Besides, there can be no doubt that Salouch supposed her to be somewhere in the province, for he has often made inquiries concerning her, of prisoners and others. It is evident that he believes her to be alive, but that he does not know what has become of her. It is probable that she has escaped from him in some way.”

“ What you say is very reasonable, and there is still a hope that we may find her, but in what condition ? I am glad, what ever has happened to her, that she is not in the power of that cut-throat red-skin.”

“ That is a great consolation, surely ; but it would be a greater consolation to me to have my hand on Salouch’s throat. I would never let go my hold while he lived.”

“ He has a heavy debt to pay. The murder of my father and my mother is not avenged while he lives, for he was the author of that massacre, if he did not kill them with his own hands. If we come across him, Stafford, you must remember that mine is the first chance at the villain, for mine has been the greatest loss.”

"I am not ready to admit that your claim is stronger than mine. If I ever come within reach of him, I am sure that I will not think of sending for you to take my place."

"If there is a God of vengeance, I pray that he may direct our steps to that wretch, and that he will strengthen our hands when we meet him, for he must die, or I can not live."

"The Catawba has been gone a long time, Matthew. What can have happened to keep him away so long?"

"Many things may have happened. Catamarra is well acquainted with the Cherokee country, but it might take him a long time to gain the intelligence for which he was sent. It is likely that he has got on the trail of Salouch, or of some other chief, with his party."

"I wish he would come, for I really feel lonesome without him. The red-skin loved Hetty so much, that I have taken a great liking to him."

"He might well love her, for she saved his life, and nursed him, and took care of him when he had no other friend. He is a faithful fellow, and we could have no better man to help us in our search for Hetty, for he seems to take as much interest in it as we do ourselves. As I feel quite easy about him, I believe I will lie down to sleep, Stafford, if you will hold the first watch to-night."

"Very well. I feel wakeful, and am quite willing to watch."

Matthew Crawley stretched himself on the ground and went to sleep with the practiced readiness of a man accustomed to forest bivouacs, while his friend, after examining the priming of his rifle, paced silently about the little camp.

Crawley had been asleep about an hour, when the quick ears of the watcher caught the breaking of twigs in the forest that lay back of the little stream. He seized his weapon, placed himself in an attitude of defense, and was about to awaken his companion, when Crawley started up, instantly comprehending the position of affairs.

The cry of a whippowil was heard, three times repeated. The friends, as if understanding the signal, laid down their weapons, and awaited the approach of the man who had made it.

In a few moments an Indian emerged from the forest, and rapidly approached them. He was somewhat below the common height, small in limb and features, with what may be called a weasel expression of countenance; but his face was a good one, and it was evident that he was the friendly and faithful Indian of whom Crawley and Stafford had been speaking.

"I am glad to see you, Catamarra, for you have been gone a long time," said Crawley, extending his hand to the red-man. "We were talking about you a little while ago. What news have you brought?"

"Great news," replied the Indian, speaking in good English. "I have seen the White Rose! I have seen Miss Hetty herself!"

The two young men simultaneously uttered an exclamation of astonishment and interest.

"What do you mean, Catamarra?" eagerly asked Stafford. "Is it possible that you have really seen the young lady? When and where was it?"

"I saw her last night. She looked as beautiful as she was when she saved my life on the Saluda."

"Where was she? Where did she go to? Did you follow her? Did you speak to her? Tell me, before I burst with anxiety."

"I must tell you all," said the Catawba, "and you must be patient or you will not understand it. I went to look for Salouch and his warriors, as you told me to, to find out where they were and what they meant to do. I got on his trail and followed him until I came up with him at a spring near the burnt town of Estatoe, where he was sitting with his friend, the black-faced Filtoe. I might have killed either or both of them, but I waited, for I wanted to hear what they had to say. They spoke of some things which I must tell you about at another time, and then they spoke of the White Rose. The young chief said that he believed she was living, and that he wanted to find her. She had escaped from him soon after she was taken, and he did not know what had become of her, though he thought that she had not gone back to Carolina. While they were talking, they pointed at something. I looked as they pointed, and saw the White Rose standing near a

tree. The moon shone upon her, and I saw her as plainly as I see you. Fiftoe said it was a spirit, and he was afraid, but Salouch declared that it was the White Rose, and that she was alive. He told Fiftoe to follow him, and they started toward her, but she ran like a deer, and left them behind. I followed them as well as I could, but I did not see her again, for they stopped at the place where they had lost the trail, and I hid from them. Then they went about to look for the trail, when Fiftoe said that he saw her, and the young chief ran up and met Moawee, the daughter of Attakulla. He asked her what had become of the White Rose, but Moawee said that she did not understand him. He threatened her, and she ran away. I would have waited there until they went away, to hunt for the trail of the White Rose, but Fiftoe saw me, and Salouch threw his tomahawk at me. I ran, and they ran after me, but I turned and twisted, and got away from them when the clouds came over the moon."

"That is a strange story, and a long one for you to tell, Catamarra," said Matthew Crawley. "I wish that you could have spoken to her, that you could have tracked her and followed her, but I have no doubt that you have done all you could. What shall we do about this matter, Stafford?"

"Can there be any question about what ought to be done? It is plain that Hetty is living, and that she is in the power of some of the Indians, if not in that of Salouch."

"The young chief said," suggested the Catawba, "that Moawee knows where the White Rose is, and that Attakulla and his daughter must die if he can not find her."

"Attakulla is our friend. If we could see him, we might learn something definite. As we can not meet him now, we must take up the trail where we can find it. Can you guide us, Catamarra, to the place you spoke of?"

"Catamarra can go there as straight as the bee flies."

"Very well. We will look for the trail in the morning."

It was so agreed; but the morning brought other business for the young soldiers, which prevented them from doing as they proposed. They received peremptory orders to join the main body of the army, which was moving on toward Fort George.

The English continued their hazardous and difficult journey

over mountains and rivers, through swamps and thickets and dangerous defiles, until they came within five miles of the Indian town of Etchoe, where they were met by a large body of Cherokees, concealed in so dense a wood that the invaders could hardly see three yards before them. A bloody contest ensued, in which the English were exposed to a murderous fire on their front and both flanks. The Indians finally retired, but the English had lost about a hundred men, and they wisely concluded that they had better retreat. They hastened back to their own country, Matthew Crawley and Warren Stafford being carried home with the army, and the frontier was again open to the attacks of the savages.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

IN the southern part of the State of Tennessee, a small branch of the Tennessee river flowed, and still flows, toward the east, taking its rise in the Cumberland mountains. The scenery about the head-waters of the stream was of a grand and romantic character. During part of its course the water dashed and tumbled madly over rocks and precipices; at other places it glided, deep, dark and quiet, between almost perpendicular cliffs. Here and there were small but beautiful valleys, set like gems in the midst of the lofty and rugged mountains that towered around them.

At the edge of one of these charming valleys, shaded by overhanging masses of rock and by a spreading sycamore, was a deep and clear spring, which bubbled up beautifully among the stones, and sent its overflowing waters trickling pleasantly and steadily through the moss and grass on their way to the river.

To this spring, one bright morning in the autumn of 1760, came a slender and graceful Indian girl. Down the mountain-side she came, warily picking her way over the rocks and among the trees and bushes, until she reached the foot of the

descent, when she tripped lightly and merrily through the green grass to the side of the sparkling fountain.

She felt compelled, therefore, to receive him with a show of cordiality, and to treat him with as much politeness as possible, hoping that the other evil might thus be averted, though she remembered the warning of Catamarra, to be careful not to give her unwelcome visitor a chance to practice his wiles upon her.

The French officer came alone, as he had promised, thus far relieving the fears of Hetty, and encouraging her to bear with his unpleasant importunity, in the hope that he would not bring upon her what she considered a worse persecution. But it appeared that his absence had only increased his passion and strengthened his desire to possess its object, for he at once spoke to her of love, and urged his suit as if he had determined upon success, and felt certain of securing it.

"I have already told you that my heart is given to one of my own countrymen," said Hetty, when her admirer became very pressing and plain-spoken. "How can I listen to you, when I belong to Warren Stafford, and have no love left for another?"

"But he is dead," persisted the Frenchman. "You told me of this when I first saw you, and I assured you that your lover was dead, that he was killed in the battle of Etchoe."

"You were mistaken. It must have been the body of some other man which was pointed out to you, and which you caused to be buried."

"Why do you say this? You believed me readily enough before, but now you seem to doubt me. Why has your opinion changed?"

"It is not an opinion, but a certainty. I know that Warren Stafford was not killed, that he is still living, and that he loves me."

"If Salouch should learn this, he would not allow the White Rose to bloom here any longer. How do you know it?"

"I have heard from him, and I know that he is living and that he loves me."

"Have you seen him? Has he been here?"

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one who is far from here. Come, Moawee; let me help you carry this great gourd of water into the hut."

"The White Rose would spill it. Her head is not strong like Moawee's. I have brought it up the hill, and can easily carry it to the wigwam."

The Indian girl took her companion by the hand, balancing the gourd of water on her head with her other hand, and they walked together through the trees to the foot of the cliff, where they entered a rude hut, formed of logs and bark, that was built against the rock. Passing through the apartment that was thus inclosed, they went into a cavern in the rock, which constituted the rear and principal portion of this humble habitation. Here Moawee set down her gourd on the stone floor, and returned with Hetty Crawley to the outer room, where they seated themselves on bundles of furs. Moawee proceeded to embroider a moccasin, while her friend, sitting near her, looked up in her face lovingly but anxiously.

"Did my sister see nothing as she went to the spring?" she asked.

"Moawee saw the sun shining," lightly replied the Indian girl. "She saw the grass waving in the valley, and the water bubbling up in the spring."

"You see that every day when the sky is clear. Did you see nothing else?"

"I saw no man—no living being but the birds and the insects and one lively squirrel."

"You have seen something else. It is plain to me that something troubles you. What is it, Moawee?"

"It is true that I have seen something that I did not wish to see. I saw a trail in the valley, and at the spring I saw marks which showed that some one had stopped there to drink."

"Was it an Indian or a white man?"

"It was a man, for I saw where he had leaned his gun against the large tree, but he wore moccasins, and I could not tell of what color he was."

"Might it not have been Tellikee?"

"Tellikee did not go in that direction. He went over the mountain, toward the sunset."

"Was it a fresh trail?"

"It was made since the dew fell."

"Some wandering Indian, I suppose. I hope we will not see him. Do you think he could find us, and that he would come up here?"

"He could easily find our path to the spring; he would be sure to notice it as he passed that way, and a Cherokee would be very likely to follow it, unless he had business somewhere else."

"Who can it be? What can he want here?"

"It might be a hunter; or it might be, as you said, a wandering Indian; or it might be some one whom I hope it is not."

"Whom do you mean?"

"It might be Salouch, the young chief. Since he saw you, down near the burned village of Estatoe, where you escaped from him so narrowly, he has been seeking our hiding-place, and he vows that he will find us."

"Do you not wish to see him? Do you not love him?"

"The young chief is very dear to the heart of Moawee, and she can never forget her love for him; but it is not her that he is seeking. He wants to find her, because he thinks he can make her tell him where the White Rose is hid. Can I wish him to see you, when he has forgotten me because he loves you?"

"No, dear Moawee, and I would fear to meet him. I wish that God would change his heart, so that he might return to his old love, and cease to think of one who can never care for him. I am not ungrateful to you and Attakulla and Tillikee for all your kindness, but I would gladly be in my own country and among my own people. Why am I kept here? Why will not your father send me away?"

"Because he loves the White Rose, and wishes her to live. She could never pass through the country of the Cherokees, without being killed or captured."

"Attakulla is a friend of the English, and they would gladly receive him if he brought me back."

"But he could never desert his own people even if they would allow him to do so. Neither could he save you from Salouch and Fiftoe, who are looking for you every where, for his voice is weak in the tribe now."

"Then I must be kept here as a prisoner until I grow old, and my friends forget me?"

"The White Rose is not a prisoner; she is only hiding with her sister, who loves her, and tries to be kind to her and to make her comfortable."

"Forgive me, dear Moawee!" exclaimed Hetty, bursting into tears. "You are very good to me, and I am wicked indeed to fret and complain as I do. I know that you and your father are doing what you believe to be for the best, and I thank you for it most heartily. But there is one in my own land who loves me dearly, and whom I love with my whole soul. It is very painful to me to be so far and so long away from him. Perhaps he is dead, or perhaps some other face may attract him."

"Can your heart be any more sad than that of Moawee, whose warrior has forgotten her for a paler face—who can never see him without being told that he loves her no longer, but has given his soul to another?"

"I am sorry for my sister, and am sorry that I am in any way the cause of her trouble. I wish Salouch had never seen me."

"The White Rose has said that perhaps her warrior is dead. It is very likely that he may have been killed in this war. If he is dead, she should try to forget him. Tellikee loves her, and there is not a braver or more handsome young man among the Cherokees. Tellikee has a great soul."

"I know it, and I think very highly of your brother, for he has been kind and true to me; but he is not of my own race, and he is not my Stafford. Let us speak of something else, Moawee, for I fear that my heart will break if I can not forget my sorrow."

"Hark! Is it the wind in the trees that I hear, or is some one coming?"

"Some one is coming! Let us hide, Moawee, or let us fly!"

"There is no danger. It is Tellikee who comes; I know his step."

The next moment the low doorway of the hut was darkened by the tall form of a young warrior, who stooped as he entered, bending under the weight of the carcass of a deer,

which he threw on the floor, and stood erect before the two young women. He was a strong-limbed and fine-looking young fellow, with piercing eyes and a proud bearing, and Moawee looked at him as if she was proud of her brother.

"Tellikee is welcome," she said, as she rose to meet him. "He has returned before he was expected, and has brought some meat to his empty lodge."

"It is not very fat, but good bucks are scarce, and I was afraid you might miss me," replied the hunter. "Has the White Rose nothing to say to Tellikee?"

"He is very welcome, and I am glad that he has come alone," replied Hetty, with a pleasant smile.

"But Tellikee is not alone; he found a friend while he was hunting, and has brought him to the wigwam."

"Is he really a friend?" earnestly asked Hetty. "We are afraid of strangers, as you know."

"He is a friend to the Cherokees, and he must be a friend to us," replied Tellikee. "My brother may come," he continued, speaking to some one without, and immediately the doorway was darkened by another form.

CHAPTER VI.

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

To the surprise of both Hetty Crawley and Moawee, the person who entered the hut was a white man. He was attired in the undress uniform of a French officer, and his countenance, as well as his garb, told of his French origin. He carried a fine rifle in his hand, and in his belt were two pistols and a sheath-knife.

As he came in, he took off his hat, and bowed, after the manner of a dancing-master, to the astonished girls, who were as much displeased as they were frightened at his appearance.

"I am, indeed, fortunate this day," he said, speaking in the language of the Cherokees. "Wandering alone in the wilderness,

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having been separated from my companions, I happened to meet with my young brother, Tellikee, the son of my old friend, Attakulla. Learning that I had gone astray, he offered me his guidance and the shelter of his lodge, and invited me to dine with him. Both offers were gratefully accepted, and I would have been still more delighted, if I had known I was to be favored with the presence of the beautiful daughter of Attakulla. I make my salutations to her, and trust that she will welcome me, although this may be the first time that she has seen me."

"The Frenchman is welcome," coldly replied Moawee, "if he comes as a friend."

"How could it be otherwise? The wise old chief, your father, knows me well, and he knows that Latinac is a friend to his nation. How could I be otherwise than a friend to his charming daughter as well as to himself? But who is this?" continued the Frenchman, changing his speech to the English language, and looking with undisguised admiration at the blue eyes and clear complexion of Hetty Crawley. What fair flower of the settlements is this that has been transplanted into the mountainous wilderness? She is not a Cherokee, surely, and by her looks I should judge her to be one of the English race."

"She is a captive who was taken in Carolina, a long time ago," replied Moawee. "Attakulla has adopted her, and she is my sister."

"She is the White Rose of the Saluda," said Tellikee. "Has my brother never heard of her? She is more beautiful than the lilies; her eyes are bluer than the sky above us, and her hair is brighter than the brown tassels of the maize."

"My young brother is enthusiastic; he is a poet," said Latinac, with a smile that illy concealed a sneer. "I am afraid that he is smitten with the charms of this lily with the azure eyes. If he has looked upon her with love, it is useless for other men to sigh for her. I have, indeed, heard of the White Rose of the Saluda, but this is the first time that fortune has favored me with a sight of her. I have often heard her beauty spoken of in the highest terms by Salouch, the brave young warrior of Estatoe, who is very anxious, I believe, to discover where she is concealed."

"For God's sake do not tell him that I am here!" exclaimed Hetty, clasping her hands. "I beseech you, I implore you upon my knees, that you will not give him any clue by which he may discover me."

"What reason have you to fear him? He is not such a very terrible being, but is a very well-mannered young man for a savage, and I esteem him highly."

"He murdered my father and my mother, and he seeks me for no good purpose."

"What can his purpose be but a good one, since he says he loves you?"

"The eyes of Salouch once looked with love upon my sister," said the indiscreet Tellikee; "but he saw the White Rose of the Salula, and he forgot Moawee. If he should come here to seek the White Rose, Tellikee will throw him off the cliff."

The Indian girl hung down her head with shame, and Hetty blushed deeply through her tears.

"I fancy that my young brother has a selfish interest in acting as the champion of his sister in that matter," sneeringly replied the Frenchman. "The White Rose is beautiful in his eyes, as well as in those of others. In truth, she is very beautiful, too far to bloom on the breast of a red-man, but fitted to shine in the drawing-rooms of her own race."

"The stranger must be hungry," said Moawee, anxious to put a stop to the conversation, which had assumed an unpleasant tone to her. "Let Tellikee prepare the deer that he has killed, and we will cook some meat."

The young hunter condescended to skin the buck, and to cut some choice pieces from the carcass. The two girls then bestirred themselves to broil the dainty bits upon the coals, and to bake some corn cakes, varying their culinary operations by whispering about the stranger, and confiding to each other their doubts and fears concerning him.

When the dinner was ready, all seated themselves to partake of it, and Tellikee and the Frenchman ate with the keen appetite of foresters, while Moawee and Hetty, who were sad, fearful, and occupied with their own thoughts, did scanty justice to the juicy venison.

During the greater part of the meal, whenever he could

abstract his attention from the catables, Latimac kept his eyes fixed upon Hetty Crawley, with a gaze of open admiration which caused her to blush, tremble, and endeavor to avoid his stare. He also sought to engage her in conversation, speaking to her frequently with an unpleasant boldness and levity of expression, partially veiled under a show of politeness; but she was cold in her replies, and answered him with as few words as possible.

At the close of the meal he followed her, taking a seat by her side, and his pertinacity was such, that she perceived that she would be compelled to talk to him or to fly from him.

She perceived that her wisest and safest course would be not to offend him, as this man possessed a power to injure or annoy her, which he might be tempted to exercise, if she should excite his indignation. It would be easy for him to disclose her place of concealment to Saloueh, who, she well knew, would leave no means untried to gain possession of her. She saw, therefore, that Latimac must be conciliated, and she resolved to conquer her repugnance and be as friendly to him as she could.

"The White Rose treats me very coldly and cruelly," said the French officer, as he seated himself by her side. "Does she consider me of less consequence than Saloueh, the young chief of the tribe, or would she prefer to bloom on the painted breast of a red man? If she would, I will speak to the young chief when I see him, and will tell him that his fair flower is uselessly sheathing her fragrance here in the wilderness."

"Have mercy upon me and do no such thing," implored Hetty. "I am sure that I do not wish to be cold to you, and I can not be cruel, but I have a great deal to trouble me, and I have been thinking of other things. If you knew how hateful and fearful the name of Saloueh is to me, I think that you would never mention it in my hearing."

"It is Telikree, then, who has engaged your affections?" persisted Latimac. "He is a handsome young man, for an Indian, though he is a very silly fellow."

"Do not laugh at me, sir. I assure you that I do not love

any Indian, nor could I love one, for my heart was given long ago to one of my own countrymen, to a young Englishman in my own province."

"Happy fellow! I envy him his good fortune. Where is he now?"

"I do not know. I have not seen him since the beginning of the war, for I was captured in that year."

"You do not pretend to say that you have been constant to him during all those years? Perhaps he is dead, or has forgotten you. What was his name?"

"Warren Stafford, of South Carolina."

"I have heard of him; he was said to be a brave and intelligent young man. He acted as a scout for the English, and they thought highly of him in that capacity."

"You say that he *was* a scout, and that they *thought* highly of him. What do you mean by those words?"

"It is my painful duty to inform you that he is dead—that he was killed at the battle of Etchoe."

These terrible words were almost a death-blow to poor Hetty who could hardly comprehend them at first. She had thought of the possibility of Stafford's death, but had always carefully banished the idea, as one that was too fearful to be entertained for a moment. Now, the cold and plain communication of the Frenchman nearly stunned her.

"Dead!" she murmured. "What do you mean? How do you know it?"

"His body was pointed out to me upon the battle-field," replied Latimac, "and I caused it to be buried, as I always have respect for a gallant enemy."

Hetty burst into tears, and the wily Frenchman, judging that it was best not to interrupt her grief, left her to the consolations of Moawee, and walked out with the young hunter.

He had little more to say to the sorrowful girl until the next morning, when he prepared to resume his journey, which had been interrupted by his discovery of the hut on the mountain side.

Poor Hetty, sad and broken-spirited as she was by the news of the death of Warren Stafford, was none the less afraid of Salouch, and had no less dread of the possibility of falling

into his power. She endeavored, therefore, to be very complaisant with the French officer, and begged that he would not give the young chief of Estatoe a clue to her hiding-place, or let him know that he had seen her.

"I shall be very discreet," replied Latinac. "When I have found a treasure, I am not so foolish as to let all the world know where it is hid, and I shall be sure to keep the knowledge of it from the man who covets it. The White Rose is too fair a flower to adorn the head-dress of a savage, or to do the drudgery in his lodge. She was born for a better fate than to bloom unnoticed in these wilds. If she will smile on Latinac, her smile will awake an answering warmth, and he will take her out of the power of these barbarians, and will place her in the position in which she is so well fitted to shine."

"Do not speak of such things, I beg you," implored Hetty, who was much troubled by this language, but was also fearful of offending the officer. "You have brought me terrible news, and my mind is so unsettled that I hardly know what to say or do."

"You will at least give me permission to come and visit you if I come alone."

"Why do you wish to come? I would rather see no one. I hope you will think better of it, and will leave me to myself."

"Either I or Salouch must come," said Latinac, in a menacing tone.

"Let it be you, then, by all means. I shall be glad to see you, if you will not betray me to him."

Having gone as far as he deemed it prudent to go at that time, Latinac departed on his journey, leaving Hetty filled with grief and anxiety, which even the love and sympathy of her friend Moawee could not assuage.

The Frenchman had gone but a few hours, when there came another visitor to the hut on the mountain-side.

This visitor belonged to Hetty, and it was she who found him. Going out to collect a few dry sticks with which to kindle the fire for the afternoon meal, she found herself confronted by an Indian, who stepped out from behind a tree and stood before her.

Frightened at the unexpected sight, she turned to fly, but the Indian called to her, and was at her side before she had taken many steps.

"Don't run," he said; "don't be afraid! It is Catamarra, your friend."

Recognizing the tone and the name, Hetty turned and greeted the Indian most cordially.

"Where have you come from, Catamarra?" she asked. "How do you happen to be here? I would never have thought of meeting you in this place."

"Catamarra has come from Carolina, from the valley of the Saluda. What is the White Rose doing here in the mountains? Her brother, and another who loves her, have sought for her whenever they have come into the country of the Cherokees, but they could not see or hear of her. They were afraid that she was dead, until Catamarra saw her near Etatoc, when she was running from Salouch."

"Were you there, Catamarra? Was I so near a friend without knowing it?"

"I was there, but I could do nothing, and lost your trail, as well as Solouch and Fiftoc. We would have looked for you then, but there was a battle, and we were driven back into our own country. Now I have come alone, to seek for the White Rose, and my heart is glad, for I have found her."

"I am afraid for you, Catamarra; it is dangerous for you to venture so far into the country of the Cherokees. They know that you are an enemy, and they will kill you if they catch you."

"Their eyes are not sharp enough to see me, nor their ears to hear me. There is nothing that Catamarra is afraid to do for the White Rose, who saved his life when they wanted to shoot him as a thief, and who was kind to him when he had no friend. Stafford and your brother would have come with me, but they were fighting the Cherokees at home, and the governor would not let them go."

"Stafford! Why do you speak of Stafford? Was he not killed in the fight at Etchoe?"

"He has never been hurt; he is alive and well. Nothing makes him sick but his sorrow for the White Rose."

"Stafford alive! It was only yesterday that I was told that he was dead, and that he had been buried on the battle-field of Etchoe."

"Somebody has lied to the White Rose. Stafford is not dead."

"Heaven bless you, Catamarra, for bringing me such joyful news! Come with me to the lodge, and help me to tell it to Moawee."

"To what lodge? Who is there?"

"It is our lodge; there is no one in it but Moawee, the daughter of Attakulla, and her brother, Tellikee."

"I will go with you, for Attakulla is a friend to the English, and Tellikee is no enemy."

Hetty led the way, and the Catawba followed her to the hut under the cliff. As Catamarra entered it, Moawee drew back in alarm, and her brother started up and seized his tomahawk.

"Do not be afraid," said Hetty; "it is a friend that I have brought."

"A friend!" exclaimed Tellikee. "It is a Catawba, and an enemy to the Cherokees."

"But not your enemy, Tellikee; you must receive him as a friend, for he is my friend, and he has brought me very good news. My heart is glad, Moawee, for I know that the Frenchman lied to me, and that Stafford is not dead. Catamarra tells me so, and he has been with Stafford and my brother through the whole war, and he would tell me nothing but the truth. He has not come here as the enemy of the Cherokees, but only to look for me, and to carry back the news that I am living."

After this explanation, the Catawba was welcomed as a friend and treated kindly by Moawee and her brother, although the countenance of the young hunter was sad, as if he was not so well pleased as Hetty was, to learn that her lover was yet living.

When Catamarra learned who it was that had brought to Hetty the false intelligence of Stafford's death, he told her that Latimer was a French officer, an enemy to the English, and a crafty, unprincipled man, who would not scruple to use the vilest means to obtain his ends. He warned her against him,

and advised her to beware of him, as he was even more to be dreaded than Salouch.

"I hope, Hetty, that this Catawba has not come to take you away from us," said Moawee, when her friend's excitement had subsided.

"Catamarra would be glad to carry the White Rose home, if he could," replied the Catawba; "but he must leave her here. She is not a dog, a snake, or a squirrel, as Catamarra is. She could not crawl in grass, wade through the swamps, swim the deep rivers, and sleep in the tops of the tall trees, as Catamarra can. The Cherokees would catch her, and would give her to Salouch. Catamarra will tell her friends where she is, and they must make a plan to bring her home. The English will come again with a great army, and the Cherokees will be glad to make peace."

"Then Stafford will come for me!" joyfully exclaimed Hetty. "Then you will let me go, Moawee, and I will take you home with me, and you must forget Salouch."

The Catawba remained until the next morning, when he went his way, promising to return as soon as he could, accompanied by Stafford and Matthew Crawley.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SNAKE MAKES HIS SPRING.

THE autumn was hardly ended when Latinac came again to the hut on the mountain-side.

Hetty Crawley had passed the time so pleasantly with her friends, that she had almost forgotten him, or only remembered him as the bearer of unpleasant and untruthful tidings. Happy in the knowledge that a merciful Providence had spared the lives of her lover and her brother during the war, and cheered by the hope that she would yet be restored to them and to her own country, she bore her banishment with patience, and her health and spirits had greatly improved.

Frenchman came to pay her his promised visit.

she would gladly have repulsed him at once, and would have sent him away in an angry mood, had she not been afraid that he would disclose to Salouch the secret of her hiding place.

On her head she carried a calabash, or large gourd-shell, which she set down by the side of the spring, and filled it with water, humming a low and plaintive melody, and viewing her fair face as it was glassed in the limpid element.

When she had filled the vessel, she replaced it on her head, balancing it carefully, glanced timidly toward the east and toward the river, and returned through the grass and up the mountain-side.

The path which she pursued was somewhat worn by her dainty feet, and by those of others, and she looked apprehensively at the trail she left at the foot of the hill. Up she went, over the rough rocks and crags, with so light and true a tread, that she never missed her footing, nor spilt a drop of the water that she carried. Now she was litten by passing around a projecting cliff; and again by some clump of stunted trees that arose in her path. Still she went on, disappearing and reappearing, until she reached the top of a ledge, at a considerable distance up the mountain, where a wooded plateau, or natural terrace, reached back a little way to another rugged wall of rock.

Here she set down her gourd of water, and paused to rest a while. As she did so, a fair face, surrounded by masses of brown curls, peeped out from behind the trunk of a large tree, and the next moment another girl, or young woman, came running toward her with a joyful cry. This maiden, also, was neatly dressed in the Indian costume, but her features and complexion were decidedly European.

"Have you come at last, dear Moawee?" she said, as she ran gladly to meet the Indian girl. "You were gone a long time, and I was afraid something had happened to you."

"Did it seem long to the White Rose? Moawee lost no time, but went and returned as quickly as she could."

"Forgive me, my sister, for my impatience; I am very lonely when ever you are gone, and time drags slowly with me."

"It is because Tellikee is absent that the White Rose is sad," replied Moawee, with a little laugh.

"No," stammered Hetty, fearful of disclosing the fact that she had been visited by Catamarra. "I heard from him indirectly."

"Either he has been here, if he is really alive, or you have met one of his friends. I would like to know who it is, for this must be looked to. If Salouch should find it out, he would not be as kind to you and as easy in pressing his suit as I am. He would rely upon the strong hand more than upon the pleasant voice, and would place you where you would not be likely to receive any more such visitors."

Frightened by these words, and induced by her dread of the tidings that the Frenchman might carry to Salouch, Hetty treated him even more graciously than she had hitherto, listened smilingly to his protestations, and only answered him evasively when he begged her to forget Warren Stafford and bestow her love upon him. In fact, she succeeded too well in her endeavors to propitiate him, for Latinac was convinced that his wooing was progressing favorably, and went away resolved to visit her again as soon as possible, in order to complete the work which he had so well begun.

Hetty felt that she had given him a false impression, and was sorry for it, but she was so anxious to be relieved from her dread of Salouch, that she was willing to take the risk of other consequences. She confided her griefs and fears to her friend Moawee, and found in her, as usual, a ready sympathizer.

There was another person who had noticed the marked preference which Hetty appeared to entertain for the Frenchman, and who was troubled by it. It was seldom that Tel-likee obtruded his hopeless passion upon her, although, at times, the savage in his nature would assert itself, and he made his avowals rather roughly. Hetty was very kind to the brother of her friend, and treated him as her own brother, while telling him plainly that he could never be any nearer to her.

The young Cherokee bore this very well, as long as he believed that Hetty was true to her absent English lover; but, when Latinac came, and she seemed to forget Stafford, he was naturally indignant that the Frenchman should be preferred to him, and he took her to task about it.

"You are greatly mistaken, and you have no cause to trouble yourself" replied Hetty. "I love the Frenchman no better than I love you, Tellikee, and not nearly as well, for you are the brother of Moawee and my very good friend, while the Frenchman is a stranger, and I am afraid of him. I wish that he would never come here any more, that I could never see him again."

"If the White Rose does not love that bird with the fine feathers, why does she make her voice so sweet when she speaks to him? Why does she tell him so many pleasant things, and send him away smiling? She never coos like that in the ear of Tellikee, and never makes him glad with such good words."

"It is because I am afraid of him that I speak to him in that way—not because I love him."

"Tellikee must make the White Rose afraid, so that she may speak pleasantly to him. Why is she afraid of the Frenchman? Tellikee will not let him hurt her."

"You could not prevent it, if he should choose to do it. He is a friend of Salouch, and sees him often. If he should tell Salouch that I am here, and should show him the way to this place, the young chief would take me away from you and Moawee, and would shut me up in his wigwam, and I would be very unhappy."

"Tellikee would not let him take away the White Rose."

"You could not help it. I was his prisoner, and he has a right to claim me, according to the customs of the Cherokees."

"How did you get away from him?"

"He left me in care of two of his warriors, while he went, as he said, to look after my father and my mother, though I knew that they had both been murdered. It was near the river that he left me, among the trees, and the warriors allowed me to walk about, although they kept a watch upon me. I remembered a cave, or hole in the ground, which I had discovered and explored a long time before. The mouth of it was grown over by bushes, so that it was not easy to be found, and I had only stumbled upon it by accident. I walked near to that spot, and, at a moment when the Indians were not observing me, I slipped through the bushes, down into the

cave. I was soon missed, and my guards searched for me every where but in the right place. They must have supposed that I had run away, for the ground was much trampled, so that they could not have found my trail, if I had made one.

"I was badly frightened while they were searching for me, and when I heard Salouch raging and abusing them; but I kept quiet, and laid still until there was no more noise about, and I supposed that they had all gone. Then I crept out, and ran away as fast as I could, not knowing in what direction to go. I got lost, and I must have starved in the woods, if I had not happened to meet your sister, Moawee, who had been to the Carolinas with Attakulla, and was returning to the Cherokee country. She pitied me when I told her my story, and took compassion on me, and brought me to this cabin with her."

"It is good. Tellikee is glad that the White Rose came here with Moawee. Salouch shall not know where she is hid. If Tellikee kills the Frenchman, he can never tell Salouch."

"But you must not kill him, for it would get you into a great deal of trouble. He is the friend of Attakulla, and he is a Frenchman, one of the allies of the Cherokees, and your people would be very angry if you should kill him."

"Maybe Tellikee will not kill him, but he must not come here and trouble the White Rose. Tellikee loves the White Rose, and Salouch himself must not have her."

It turned out that the friendship of Attakulla and Latinac was not such as the Frenchman had boasted it to be, for the old chief, visiting the hut on the mountain-side, explained the matter.

The old chief declared Latinac to be a man for whom he had neither friendship nor respect. He was one of those wily and unscrupulous French emissaries who had been continually endeavoring to embroil the Cherokees with the English, and who had succeeded, in this case, by exciting the young and impatient warriors, until they had forced the older and cooler chiefs into the contest.

He advised Hetty, however, to treat the Frenchman with conciliation if he should come again, and promised her that

she should be restored to her home and her friends as soon as the war was ended.

Latinac did not forget to come again. During the whole of the winter he was busily engaged in supplying the Cherokees with arms, and inciting them to war. He persuaded them that it was the intention of the English to exterminate them, root and branch, to destroy their villages, to lay waste their fields, and to kid their women and children, as well as the warriors. He declared to them that their only hope of preserving their lives and their existence as a people, lay in joining with the French to overcome and drive out the English.

The weather, also, was so unfavorable during the winter; the streams were so swollen by continued rains, and traveling was so difficult and dangerous, that he did not deem it advisable to venture into the mountainous region in which Hetty Crawley was concealed.

In the early spring, as soon as his business and the state of the country would permit, he again sought the hut on the mountain-side.

Attakulla had gone to the villages, and Tellikee was absent on a hunting expedition.

Hetty received the Frenchman with an outward show of cordiality, but with inward feelings of disquiet and trepidation, for she felt that matters must soon come to a crisis between her and this man, and she feared the result, whatever it might be.

Latinac was mild and bland in his manners, and in the best possible humor, for he had gone away at the close of his previous visit, impressed with the belief that Hetty was more than willing to listen to his suit, and this conviction was increased by the pleasant reception which she accorded him on his return.

He excused himself for his long absence by alleging that urgent business had detained him.

"Nothing," he said, "but the most important affairs, and the terrible state of this country, in which there are no roads, could have kept me away from you so long, for my love has grown to such an extent, that it seems hardly possible to live away from you."

"You are surely exaggerating, Monsieur Latinac," replied Hetty.

"I could not exaggerate. I could not tell you the half of what I feel. I love you more than Salouch, more than Atakulla's boy could love you, more than any one, near or far can love you."

"I am sure that Warren Stafford loves me truly."

"I think he is dead. You must have been misinformed about him. If he is really living, he has doubtless forgotten you, having been separated from you for such a time and by such a distance. My love is stronger than his could be, I am sure, and I can do more for you than he could possibly do. I can save you from all your dangers and troubles; I can take you out of this wilderness, and can place you in a higher and prouder position than the Englishman could ever give you."

"If you really love me so much, you will grant the favor that I am about to ask of you."

"What favor?"

"Will you grant it?"

"I will, if it is possible for me to do so."

"Swear to me that you will never tell Salouch where I am concealed, and that you will not return to visit me within six months of this day."

"You ask more than I can perform. I will readily agree to say nothing to Salouch about you, but when you bid me to absent myself from you for so long a time, you ask what is impossible."

"It is not impossible, and you have promised."

"You might as well ask me to kill myself. But I will promise to go away, and will never come near this place again if you will go with me."

"That is quite another thing."

"It is a matter of the first importance. It is what I have specially come to urge upon you. I love you so much that I must have you with me, and I will not be denied. The war will open again in the spring, and it will be impossible for me to come so far to visit you, and I must take you with me. There is no telling how soon Salouch might find you here, and I must anticipate him. I have been thinking of you

during the whole winter, and have made up my mind to this, as the only thing to be done. The White Rose must be transplanted into the garden of the French. Is she ready?"

"Give me time to think of it," implored Hetty. "It had never occurred to me that you would make such a proposition as this, and I must have leisure to reflect upon it."

"I will give you until this evening; then I will expect your answer."

Hetty was greatly troubled. She had not asked for time because she thought it possible that she might accept the Frenchman's proposition, for she had immediately resolved to reject it in as decided terms as she dared to use; but because she hoped that Tellikee might return from his hunting, or that something might occur to support her in her refusal of this man, of whom she was now really afraid.

She confided her trouble to Moawee, who advised her to be firm with the Frenchman, so that there might be an end to his persecutions. She said that Latinac would not dare to endeavor to use force, and that they might seek some other hiding-place as a refuge from Saloueh.

Evening came, and Latinac pressed Hetty for an answer. Nothing had been heard from Tellikee, whose hunting excursion might last during several days, and Moawee had gone to the spring for water. The Frenchman, who had not annoyed Hetty by referring to the subject since she asked for time to consider it, said that she had reflected long enough, and that she must make up her mind at once.

"I had already decided, as soon as I heard your proposition," replied Hetty. "I could not think of such a thing; I will not leave my good friends here until my own people come for me, or until I can rejoin them. I do not love you, Monsieur Latinac, but I have feared you because you might disclose my hiding-place to my greatest enemy. I love Warren Safford, whom I believe to be alive, and who still loves me truly, and I can love no one else. I hope now that you will leave me, and will never persecute me any more. I beg, also, that you will not tell Sabach that you have seen me."

"You have been trifling with me, then?" exclaimed Latinac, as flashes of anger and malice shot from his eyes: "you

have been playing with me, and deceiving me with false expectations. I feared as much, and came prepared for it. I mean to take you with me, by fair means or foul. Will you go willingly, or will you compel me to use force?"

"I will not go," Hetty stoutly replied, and turned and ran out of the hut.

The Frenchman pursued her, and caught her by the arm before she had gone far.

Hetty screamed, and called wildly upon Moawee, who was just coming up the hill with a gourd filled with water. The Indian girl dropped her burden, and ran to the relief of her friend, seizing the Frenchman and compelling him to relinquish his grasp.

"Do you expect to resist me—you two girls?" sharply asked Latinac. "I will soon teach you better; I will tie you both, and then we will see who is strongest. Pierre!"

In answer to his call, a stout Frenchman jumped up from under the ledge, who quickly seized Moawee, and bound her hand and foot.

"Let her lie there, Pierre," said Latinac, "and help me to carry this one down the hill."

As the man stepped toward his master, the crack of a rifle was heard, and he staggered, and fell heavily to the ground. A hole in his forehead showed how his life had been sped.

The next moment Tellikee burst through the trees, with his smoking rifle in his hand.

The Frenchman, loosing his grasp on Hetty, turned to confront the new-comer; but he was not allowed time to make any effectual resistance, for the young Indian bounded upon him like a tiger, pinioned his arms in his strong embrace, lifted him up, and bore him toward the edge of the steep cliff.

"Is this the way you treat my sister and the White Race?" he exclaimed, shaking the Frenchman as if he were a child. "They opened their lodge to you, and gave you food and shelter, and you pay them by trying to kill them. I will kill you, you cowardly dog! I will throw you down the mountain, and the buzzards shall pick your bones!"

"Spare me! help me!" shrieked Latinac, as the enraged Indian bore him toward the precipice.

"Do not kill him ; we do not fear him now. Let us have no more blood on our hands !" implored Hetty.

Moawee joined her entreaties to those of her friend, and Tellikee at last set down the Frenchman, and released him.

"Go !" he exclaimed, "you snake ! you forked tongue ! you cowardly cheat ! If I ever see your face here again, you shall die !"

With a last and spiteful glance at Hetty, Latinac turned away, and walked down the side of the hill. Before he was out of hearing, he looked back, and shouted to the group on the plateau :

"When I return, I will bring Salouch with me !"

"We must seek another hiding-place," said Moawee, restraining her angry brother from going in pursuit of the French man.

"Yes," said Hetty ; "this is no longer a safe place for me."

CHAPTER VIII

A DISCLOSURE.

THE spring of 1761 opened with greater efforts on the part of the English, and renewed excitement on the part of the Cherokees. The former had been continually losing ground since the disastrous battle of Etchoe, and the latter were proportionately encouraged by the advantages which they had gained.

The English still held Fort George, but Fort Loudon had been starved into a surrender, and many of the garrison had been massacred, in defiance of the terms of the capitulation.

Information had been brought to the Cherokee country, that a large army of English, together with a number of Chickasaw and Catawba Indians, was being collected at Fort George, under the command of Colonel Grant. In view of this exigency, a general council of the nation was called and held at Etchoe, one of the principal towns of the Cherokees.

The council was largely attended, and the voices of the young warriors were enthusiastic for war. The French emissaries had not been idle, and had neglected no opportunity or pretext to excite them against the English. Latime was there with a large supply of arms and presents, which he lavishly distributed among his friends and those whom he was desirous of converting to the cause of the French. When the war excitement was at the highest in the council, he rose to his feet, and made a speech to the assembled chiefs and warriors.

He recounted, in forcible and stirring words, the wrongs, both real and imaginary, which the Cherokees had suffered at the hands of the English, charging the inhabitants of the Carolina provinces with all the aggressions, provoked and unprovoked, that had been committed by the Virginians. He declared that it was the purpose of the English to utterly exterminate all the red-men, so that their own people might occupy their lands. He pointed to the wars of New England and Virginia as witnesses to the truth of what he had said, and added the testimony of the burned towns of Keowee and Etchoe, and the memory of many slaughtered warriors.

The king of the French, he said, had always been kind to his red children, and they had never suffered any wrongs at his hands or at the hands of his subjects. The English, on the contrary, were aggressive, bloodthirsty and tyrannical, and would never be satisfied but by destroying the Indians, or driving them from their hunting-grounds.

He pointed to the advantages which the French had gained over the English in the north—suppressing the later news which he had received—and boasted of the successes of Etchoe and Fort Loudon. He reminded the Cherokees that arms had been placed in their hands, and that more were ready for those who wanted them. When properly armed, their people were superior to the English, he said, and only needed to make a united and vigorous effort, to drive their enemies into the sea, and repossess the lands which were rightfully their own.

He wound up his exciting speech, in which there was enough truth to leaven a large lump of falsehood, by striking his tomahawk into a log, and asking who would take it up for the king of the French.

This was the time for Salouch to play his part—the moment which had been agreed upon between him and Latinae.

He sprang forward into the midst of the assembly, grasped the tomahawk, and drew it from the log.

"I will take it up!" he shouted, brandishing the weapon with furious gestures. "I am for war, and always have been. I hate the English, and want to destroy them, as they are seeking to destroy us. I am not one of those cowards who sit down and call for peace, while the ground is wet with the blood of our bravest warriors, and the air is hot and thick with the fire and smoke of our burning villages. Let these destroyers of children and conquerors of corn-fields come on! They will find us ready. Let them gather their young men and send on their jawras of sneaking Chickaws and cowardly Catawbies! we will sweep them from the land like flies, and will burn them with their own torches. Let the old men stay at home with the old women, and nurse the children who are braver than they are. Let them shudder when they hear our war-cry as we go forth to battle, and knock their knees together when our scalp halo tells them that we are coming back victorious. Salouch is a warrior; the sight of blood does not scare him; and he is for war. All who are young, who boast of being warriors, who are not weak old men, will follow me. He is a coward, and no better than a woman, who will not follow me. The spirit of the slain call upon us for vengeance, and who will refuse to hear them? There is an end of talk. All who are for war will follow me. All who are cowards and old women will stay at home."

Again the young warrior brandished the tomahawk, and uttered his war-cry. The effect was instantaneous and electric. With fierce yells and fiercer gestures, nearly all the assembly rose to their feet, and clamored to be led against the enemy. The voices of Ahtah and the other council and old chiefs were in vain raised against the tumult. They were not listened to, or were drowned by the popular outcry. Even Oconostota, the great warrior, was again carried away by the war current, and there was no possibility of staying the tide.

Salouch and Latinae met in the evening, in a retired place, to congratulate each other on the result of the deliberations

of the day, if the stormy proceedings of the council might be called deliberations.

"My brother is a great warrior," said Latinae. "He is the first man of his tribe. They all follow him and look up to him. There is no man like Salouch among the Cherokees. He acted his part well to-day, and roused up the people to war in a splendid manner."

"They are all ready now," replied the young warrior. "The scalps of the English will be plenty in our wigwams this summer. We have lost many warriors in battle, but their places will be more than filled by those who were for peace last season. My heart is hot, and I am in haste to go on the war-path."

"Salouch will be the chief of the nation. He will be its leader in fact and in name, as he now is in spirit. He will be second only to the king of France. Let the warriors fight the battles and win them. Ours will be the glory and the substantial gains."

"What does my brother mean? Would he not have me fight, as well as my young men? They need me to lead them on, and I hate the English. My heart is hot, and I must fight."

"Salouch is too brave, and he overlooks his own interest. Among the French and the English, the great chiefs direct the battle, without exposing themselves to danger. They gain the glory, without losing their lives. If Salouch should be slain in battle, he would be no more a chief and a leader, but would rot and be forgotten."

"I am afraid that you want to counsel me to be a coward. I can never be a coward. All the warriors would point their fingers at me and cry shame upon me. They would not know how to fight, for they have always seen me in the front of the battle. I hate all the English, and want to destroy them, whether I live or die."

"Do you hate them all? You should except the White Rose of the Saluda."

"Ah! the White Rose!" exclaimed the young chief, suddenly changing his tone. "I love the White Rose, and would give up every thing if I could find her. My heart will never be satisfied until I can get the White Rose."

"You shall have her, Salouch. If you beat the English, you shall have the White Rose."

"Does my brother tell me what is true, or does he speak with a forked tongue?"

"My tongue is straight, and I speak nothing but the truth."

"What do you know about the White Rose? What have you to do with her?"

"I have seen her."

"I have seen her, too, but it was long ago."

"I have seen her since the war commenced—since she was captured and escaped."

"So have I. I saw her once, but I lost her as soon as I saw her. She stood before me like a spirit, and she fled from me like a spirit. She must have melted into the air, for I could find no trail."

"She is not a spirit. She is alive. I saw her lately."

"How lately?"

"Hardly two moons ago, and I know where she is."

"Where is she? Tell me, Latinac! Tell me, my brother, and there is nothing you can ask of me that I will not do."

"Not now. You must first conquer the British, and then I will take you to her."

"Why not now? Tell me where she is, and I will go and seek her."

"My brother must not think of such a thing. The people are ready for war, and there is no time to be lost. The enemy are gathering their forces, and we must pounce upon them as soon as possible. You must strike while the iron is hot, for this war-fever may cool, if it is let alone. The warriors are impatient to be led to the fight, and in a few days you will be in the midst of the battle, when you will have other things to think of besides the White Rose. Beat back the British, and then I promise to take you to the place where she is concealed."

"Is she concealed from me? Is she far from here? Tell me, Latinac, what you know about her."

The Frenchman proceeded to state how he had happened to find Hetty Crawley, without giving a clue to her hiding-place. He also gave a partial account of his interview with

her, as if he had but one interview, carefully concealing the fact that he had fallen in love with her, and that he had tried to take her away from her mountain retreat. He also suppressed the account of the manner in which he had been ignominiously driven away by Tellikey.

"It is Attakulla, then," said Salouen, "who has taken care of her."

"Yes; and the son of Attakulla is there, as a watch-dog to guard her."

"Tellikey is a dog, and Attakulla is a traitor. Why did you not tell me this before?"

"It is not long since I saw her, and I have been very busy. Besides, I was afraid that it might trouble your thoughts and make you less eager for the war. There is time enough. The White Rose is safe. She will not go away. I promised her that I would not tell you where she is hid, but I only made the promise because I wished to quiet her mind and to keep her there. You have lived a long while without her, and you can live a little while longer. When the British are driven out of the country, we will go and bring her to your lodge."

"I was sure that Attakulla had something to do with her, for she was with Moawee when I saw her. I then said that I would find her, or Attakulla and his daughter should die. I have not kept my word, because I had many other things to think about, and I had mercy upon Moawee, for I used to love her, and I did not wish to hurt her any more than I had by ceasing to love her. If I had known of this sooner, I would have denounced the old chief to the council as a traitor."

"It is not too late now," suggested Latinac rejoiced at the opportunity of learning a man who was so strongly opposed to the French alliance, and to the war.

"Perhaps it is not too late. It ought to be done, for he is a friend to the English, and of course he is a traitor. He has hid the White Rose, and he would conceal any English enemy who should come to him for succor. The White Rose is my prisoner, and she belongs to me. I captured her, and no one can keep her from me. Yes, Latinac, I will denounce Attakulla, but will say nothing about Moawee."

Salouch was as good as his word, for he was inclined to be suspicious concerning Latine, and wished to compel Attakulla to reveal the hiding place of his daughter and Hetty Crawley. He was more than half convinced that the Frenchman had not told him the whole truth in regard to Hetty, and he did not relish the idea of being held in deception by him or by any man. **Savage as he was, he had sense enough to perceive that Latine was endeavoring to make a fool of him.** He had no objection to being used as a tool against the English, for his feelings and his interest prompted him to oppose them and to fight them; but he was always ready to work woe to the man who should attempt to cross him in his love. If he could force Attakulla to tell him where Hetty was concealed, he would feel independent of the Frenchman, and might go and claim her whenever it should suit his desire and his convenience.

He early persuaded Oronostota to call together the warriors on the morrow, as there was considerable business to be transacted before they could go on the war-path. At this meeting, while Attakulla was present, he made a speech, in which he denounced the old chief as a friend to the English and a traitor to his nation, recounting various instances in which he had not only opposed the war-sentiment of the nation, but had given aid and sympathy to British prisoners and others. The young warrior also stated the circumstances connected with his capture of Hetty Crawley and her escape, and declared his belief that she was concealed and protected from him by Attakulla and his son. She was his prisoner; he had a right to claim her wherever he could find her. Attakulla was responsible to him for her, and should be forced to deliver her up to him, or to disclose her hiding-place.

Attakulla spoke in reply, in a temperate and conciliatory manner. He said that he had opposed the war with the English because he believed it to be wrong and against the interests of the nation; but that he had done so in vain, for it had commenced, which could be considered a betrayal of his people. He had raised his voice in behalf of peace, and had urged them to make peace, but that was all. As regarded the white prisoner of whom Salouch had spoken, he had nothing to do with her, and had no control over her. She

had been the friend and guest of his daughter, Moawee, and might be so yet, but he had no reason to believe that she was a prisoner, or that Salouch had a right to claim her. As for making known the place of her concealment, he would not disclose it to any person who sought her with evil motives, and he was sure that he could not be forced to do so.

The voice of the council was decidedly against Attakulla. The war excitement was then so high, that they were ready to listen to almost any complaint against one who ran counter to it, especially when the complaint was preferred by such a warrior as Salouch. Without pronouncing any definite judgment concerning the more serious charge, they at once decided that the old chief was responsible to Salouch for his prisoner, and should be compelled to render her up to him, or to disclose the place of her concealment. For this purpose, he should be given in charge to Salouch, who should be empowered to use reasonable means of forcing him to abide the judgment of the council.

The Cherokee nation, then, witnessed the strange spectacle of an old and influential chief, whose years and services should have caused him to be universally respected, being placed in the custody of a younger and less worthy man, to be imprisoned or otherwise misused, for the purpose of serving a private interest.

Although Salouch had gained his end thus far, it was not so easy for him to squeeze the secret out of Attakulla. He caused the chief to be closely imprisoned, and told him that he should not be released until he was willing to deliver up Hetty Crawley, or to point out her place of concealment; but the good old man, prompted by sympathy for the helpless and persecuted, as well as by the natural obstinacy of his character, which rendered him averse to being forced into any thing, positively refused to make any communication on the subject.

Salouch went away in a rage, declaring that Attakulla should be kept in confinement until his stubbornness was subdued, and that he would learn what he wished to if it cost the life of the old chief.

CHAPTER IX.

SINGLE COMBAT.

THE condition of the Cherokees, toward the close of the summer of 1761, was very different from that with which they had commenced the campaign in the spring. No longer were they a mass of disciplined and enthusiastic warriors, "burning with high hope" and eager for the fray, but a crowd of broken and miserable fugitives, flying with their almost starving families to take refuge in the mountains from the victorious enemy whom they had so wantonly provoked. No longer was their land dotted with well-built villages, surrounded by pleasant and fertile fields, but a "waste of ruin" laid upon every side, showing that the incensed invaders had ruthlessly pursued them with fire and sword. There was no prospect before them but submission or starvation, or both.

On the 7th of June the English had commenced their march, and a decisive conflict had taken place near Etchoe, at the same spot where they had been so roughly handled in the battle of the previous year. During three hours the fight raged furiously, the Indians being posted in the woods and under cover at the bank of the river, entirely surrounding the English, who were worn out by a long march in rainy weather. Both sides fought with great skill and gallantry, but the Cherokees gave way at last, and were pursued by their victorious antagonists, who pressed their advantage as far as their exhausted condition would permit them to.

When the force of the savages was thoroughly broken and routed, the invaders commenced the work of destruction, which they carried out in the most complete and ruthless manner, as if they really wished to make true the words of the French emissaries, and exterminate the Cherokees from the face of the earth. Nearly all their towns were given to the flames, and the fertile fields which surrounded them, evidencing how far the nation had progressed in civilization, were destroyed and laid waste. The broken-spirited Indians,

with their wives and little ones, hid themselves in the mountains and morasses, where their only subsistence, for a long time, was game, wild roots and berries, and korselesh. The triumph of the English was absolute, and the punishment of the Cherokees complete.

A few days after the battle, Matthew Crawley and Warren Stafford were resting by the bank of the river, near the ruins of Etchoc. They were sunburned and worn by the campaign, and their clothes, which were badly tattered, gave evidence of the hardships which they had undergone. The former wore his left arm in a sling, his hand having been wounded during the action.

"I am right glad that this fighting business is finished," said Stafford. "It is exciting, and there is a sort of pleasure in it, but I am thoroughly tired of scouting and tramping, and am anxious to be about the real business which brought me here, to which all this fighting and marching is merely preliminary."

"The fighting is finished, true enough; but there is much more to be done," replied Crawley. "We have whipped the red rascals splendidly, and it is not likely that they will try to make head against us again; but our work is not ended yet."

"What is left for us to do here?"

"The Cherokees must be punished in such a way as will teach them not to dare to molest us again. The command has been given that the towns are to be burned, the growing crops destroyed, and the people driven out of the country. It was joy to me to carry the torch through the town of Etchoc, and to see the red tongues of flame licking up their houses and wigwams. I shall not tire of the sport until the work is complete."

"Like the boy and the frogs, it was sport to you but death to them. It is just retribution, doubtless; but, for my part, I take no pleasure in such deeds of destruction. Should we destroy the women and children because the men have offended us?"

"They burned my home."

"They burned my home, also; but I can easily build another."

"They murdered my father and mother, and carried off my sister."

"You have taken a bloody and ample revenge for the murders. Your sister is still alive, and it can not be a long time before we find her."

"My vengeance is not satisfied, for I have not killed Salouch. He escaped alive from the field of battle, where he had thrown himself into the thickest of the fight with a desperation that looked much like bravery. Several times I had him fairly covered with my rifle, but I could not hit him."

"It seems destined that he is not to be killed by you. As he has escaped, there is another reason why we should quit this work of destruction, in which we are not needed. Salouch will fly to the mountains with the rest, and he might happen to hit upon the place where, as Catamarra told us, Hetty is concealed. Let us hasten to find her, and to bring her home. Think what a long and wearisome captivity she has endured. There are men enough to burn houses and destroy corn-fields, and we are not under orders now."

"You speak well, Stafford. We are not needed here, and Hetty has waited for us too long. If they have dared to ill-treat her, they shall suffer terribly for it."

"You are very bloodthirsty, Crawley. It is to be supposed that she is safe and well, for Catamarra told us that she was with the son and daughter of old Attakulla, and that they were friendly to her."

"Attakulla is a good man, but I know nothing about his son. We will set out to-morrow morning, Stafford, if the Catasba returns to-night, and will lose no time. When we have found Hetty, I will go on the trail of Salouch, for I have sworn that the villain must die."

"That is settled, and I am glad of it. I will leave you here in charge of our camp, while I go to the head-quarters of the commander, and inform him of our intention. It is not necessary to ask leave, I suppose; but we should show our respect by telling him of the business which we have on hand."

Stafford accordingly set out for head-quarters, a few miles distant from the place where he left his comrade.

He received the thanks of the commander, for himself and his friend, for their services during the campaign, and his best wishes for the success of their expedition. He offered to send some soldiers with them, if they wished an escort; but Stafford replied that he considered Crawley and himself sufficient for the occasion, with the aid and guidance of Catamarra, and he took his leave, after procuring a supply of ammunition and provisions.

He had gone about half the way back to his friend, when he concluded to go down to the river to get a drink of water. At the point where he stopped, the ground was nearly destitute of trees, and the bank was high and shelving; but it sloped away more gently in one place, leaving a narrow but easy pathway to the edge of the water, which lay in a deep and dark pool below.

The young soldier laid his rifle on a stone, and walked toward the pathway, with the intention of descending it to the river.

At the same moment, a tall young Indian, with the plume of a chief towering over his scalp-lock, came upon the ground, leaned his rifle against a sapling, and started in the same direction.

Both were fairly out in the open space, and near the edge of the steep bank, when they simultaneously perceived each other.

The eyes of both glared with hostility and defiance, for Stafford recognized Salouch, his enemy, and the young chieftain recognized his English rival.

For a few seconds they gazed at each other without speaking, each inwardly execrating the too great carefulness which had caused him to leave his rifle behind. Then, as if by one accord, they rushed back to get their weapons.

Salouch was first in this race. He seized his rifle and fired with a quick aim, before his antagonist had fairly brought his to his shoulder. The shot missed, and the bullet only severed a lock of hair from the young Englishman's head.

"I have got you now, you blood-dyed robber!" shouted Stafford, as he aimed deliberately, and pulled the trigger.

The gun flashed in the pan, and the young man, with an

Imprecation on the failure of the weapon, coolly took his powder-horn to renew the priming, while Salouch raised his tomahawk, to throw it.

He made a few rapid passes, to distract the attention of his adversary, and then sent the glittering ax whirling rapidly through the air, full at the forehead of his foe.

Stafford threw up his rifle to meet the blow, and the tomahawk struck the lock of the weapon, rendering it useless.

The soldier uttered a derisive laugh, which was followed by a yell of rage from the Indian, and both rushed forward with clubbed rifles.

It was possible that Salouch, by retreating and loading as he went, might have got another shot at his adversary; but he might, also, have lost his victim, and he scorned to attempt to take such an advantage. The tomahawk, on striking the lock of Stafford's rifle, had glanced off and fallen into the river, so that both were left without weapons, except their knives and their useless guns.

The shock was terrible as they met, and they rained blows upon each other like a couple of young thunder-storms; but neither was seriously injured by this mode of fighting, for each was as skillful in warding off blows as he was active in giving them. They continued the contest until their guns were shattered to pieces, when they were compelled to pause by lack of breath.

The temporary truce lasted a moment or two, during which time they panted and gazed defiantly at each other. Then, throwing down the remnants of their rifles, they drew their knives, and again rushed to the onset.

They had made but a few passes, when, with yells of defiance, they closed in for a death grip.

The struggle now was one of thews and sinews and skill in wrestling, in which particulars the combatants were quite evenly matched. Both, also, were so wearied and blown by their previous exertions, that the wrestling required all their attention, and they seldom had a chance to use their knives.

At last they fell on the ground together, near the edge of the bank, and each, forgetting all other considerations, endeavored to push the other over into the river.

Each succeeded in his attempt, for the ground soon gave

way beneath them, and they rolled together down the slope into the dark water.

Finding themselves submerged, they also discovered that they were too much bruised and weakened for further hostile efforts in that element, and each contented himself with paddling wearily to the shore. They had lost their knives in the last struggle, and had no weapons left but their hands. They scrambled up the bank together, and sat down to rest.

As Stafford looked at his antagonist, and saw the dragged plume and the limp condition of the half-drowned chief, the sight so struck upon his sense of the ludicrous that he burst into a laugh. Saloueh was at first angry at his mirth; but when he noticed the appearance of himself and his foe, he caught a touch of Stafford's humor, and his mouth spread out into a grin.

"It seems to me, red-skin," said the young Englishman, "that we have had enough of this. Suppose we let it drop now."

"It is good," replied Saloueh. "Warriors should not fight like children. The Great Spirit has said that I shall not kill the young captain."

"I suppose he has said, too, that you are not to be killed by either Mat. Crawley or me, though we have heavy accounts against you, and though we have tried our best to settle them. We had better go our ways."

"The young captain has spoken well. We are both seeking the White Rose, who is lost to us both. Let each of us search for her in his own way, and let him find her to whom the Great Spirit shall send her."

"Agreed; but you know well enough, chief, that you have no business with her."

The late antagonists rested themselves a while on the bank, and then arose, and silently went in different directions, looking much the worse for the combat in which they had been engaged.

Both were satisfied with their agreement, for each supposed that he alone possessed the secret of the hiding-place of Hetty Crawley.

CHAPTER X.

THE SEARCH FOR HETTY.

WHEN Warren Stafford returned to the camp where he had left his friend, he saw that Catamarra had arrived, and found the Catwba engaged in preparing supper for himself and Crawley.

This sight was a pleasant one to Stafford, who was so weak and weary that he wished only to get something to eat and to go to sleep. It revived his flagging spirits, and he walked up to the fire with as pleasant an air as if he had had nothing to trouble him, but was returning from a brisk afternoon's walk.

But the disorder of his garments, and his used-up condition generally, were quickly noticed by his friend, who rallied him upon his appearance.

"Where have you been, man?" asked Crawley, surveying him with looks of amazement. "What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing at all. I am well and hearty," replied Stafford. "I have been to head-quarters, to see Colonel Grant, and I find that every thing is right in that quarter. He sends his compliments to you, and wishes us all sorts of good fortune. He offered to send a squad of soldiers to accompany us, but I told him that I did not think we would need any assistance."

"Come, come, old fellow, that answer will not do. I have no doubt that you have been to see Grant, but I want to know what has happened to you by the way. You look as if you had swam all the rivers, scrambled over all the mountains, and scratched yourself with all the brambles in the Cherokee country."

"Looks as if he been walking home with wildcat," suggested Catamarra.

"I should think he had fallen into a nest of them. His life is gone, too, and he hasn't brought his rifle home. Where

are your weapons, Stafford? Speak the truth, and shame the devil. What has happened to you?"

"I have met a wildcat, or something worse, if you must know. I have seen Saloueh."

"It must have been a terrible sight, to put you in such a predicament. Did you leave the red rascal alive?"

"I left him as he left me. We were both living when we last looked at each other."

"It must have been like the meeting of two bullets in the air, by which both were smashed. Tell us about it, Stafford, for I am certain that you have nothing to be ashamed of. It will give you an appetite for supper to relate your adventure."

"I don't need any more appetite, for I am as hungry as a wolf; but I will tell my story, and will leave you to decide which of us got the best of the encounter."

The young soldier then related the manner in which he had fallen in with Saloueh, and gave a detailed account of his combat with the young chief, and its singular termination. His story elicited the keen attention of his listeners, as well as their laughter at the conclusion.

"You spoke the truth when you said that you had met with a wildcat or something worse," said Crawley. "I am unable to decide which of you got whipped. So you have made a treaty of peace with the fellow."

"It is a truce at least. I was very glad that he consented to it."

"As I am not included in the truce, I shall feel at liberty to measure my strength with Saloueh when I meet him."

"I advise you to let him alone, for I have come to the conclusion that he was not born to be killed by either of us."

"It seems so; but it will not be safe for him to cross my path. Will you be ready to start in the morning?"

"Ready and anxious; but I must go by the camp of the army, and get another rifle. I have engaged a supply of powder and bullets, as well as of provisions."

"You ought to be thankful to Saloueh for giving you permission to go out and search for Hetty."

"It is no more than I gave him; but I am ahead of him

in that, for I can find her, thanks to our good friend Cata-marra, while Saloueh stands but a poor chance, as he has been so long seeking her, without success, in his own country."

"May God give us good speed! Sit down on the grass, and let us see if you can eat as well as you can fight."

Notwithstanding his hard usage, Warren Stafford was astir at an early hour in the morning, and set out with his companions on their journey to the mountains that loomed up to the westward.

After stopping at the general camp of the army, they passed through the ruins of Etchoe, where their attention was attracted by a stout log building, untouched by the fire, which stood a little apart from the sight of the village.

"What is this?" asked Matthew Crawley. "How came this house to be left, while all the others are burned?"

"It was probably overlooked by the soldiers," said Stafford. "Come on, and let it stand there as a monument."

"I shall do no such thing. I am not yet well of my burning fever, or my fever for burning. I must try flint and steel on this pile of logs, for it would never do to leave it as a nest-egg. There is an Indian in it," said Crawley, again, as he looked through a chink of the logs. "Shall we let him burn with the building, or shall we take him out and try him by court-martial?"

"Don't talk so cold-bloodedly, Crawley," replied Stafford. "I know that you are not as cruel as you pretend to be."

"It is Attakulla," said the Catawba, who had also applied his eye to the crevice.

"Is it possible? How came he here? The Cherokees have doubtless been ill-treating him because he was a friend to the English. Let us force an entrance and take him out."

The stout door was speedily burst open, and Attakulla, weakened by confinement, and half dead with hunger, was led out into the fresh air by his friends.

As soon as he was sufficiently revived by stimulants, and refreshed by the food that was prepared for him, the chief told his story, relating how he had been denounced before the

council at Etchoe by Salouch, who had subsequently imprisoned him, and had threatened him with death unless he should disclose the hiding-place of Hetty Crawley. During several days—probably since Salouch had gone forth from Etchoe to fight the English—he had been left alone, with nothing to eat, and had fully expected to die of starvation.

When he was told what had happened—how the Cherokees had been beaten and scattered, and how their towns and fields were being burned and devastated, the old man wept, but said that he had warned them of it, and that they had willfully brought the calamity upon themselves.

Stafford impatiently asked him when he had last seen Hetty Crawley, and whether he had given Salouch any information concerning her.

His persecutor might have killed him, but would have learned nothing, the old chief replied. He had too much pride to yield to force in any thing, and he loved the White Rose as well as if she was his own child, and the sister of Moawee. It was more than three moons since he had seen her, but she was then well, and he had no doubt that she was still safe.

As Attakulla was anxious to go and visit his children, and as he was too old and weak to make the journey on foot, Cata-marra was sent to the camp of the army to get a horse for him, and when he was thus provided, the little party hastened forward in search of Hetty.

The journey was a tedious one, but they at last reached the valley at the foot of the mountain, and rested near the spring to which Moawee had been in the habit of going for water.

Warren Stafford, who had been excited and exuberant in spirits since they started, became quite enthusiastic when he knelt and drank at the sparkling fountain.

"It is here," said he, "that my Hetty has often drank since she has been a prisoner in these wilds. To this spot she has often strayed. Her lips have been moistened by this clear water, and her feet have pressed this green sod. What tortures she must have suffered—her parents murdered, and herself separated from all those whom she loved, unable to hear

from them, and uncertain whether she was ever to see them again."

"She has not been a prisoner, and she has been very patient," said Attakulla. "I promised her that I would restore her to her friends as soon as it was possible to do so, and she has always hoped to see them. My son and Moawee love the White Rose very much, and they have taken good care of her, and have tried to make their lodge pleasant to her."

"I am sure of it, old chief. We owe more than thanks to them and to you, for she would have been lost to us if you had not protected her. Is the lodge far from here?"

"Only up the side of this mountain."

"Let us go there. I am impatient to see Hetty; it is years since we were separated."

"I am afraid that it is too late," suggested Attakulla. "The sun is setting, and it will be dark before we can reach the lodge. They might be frightened if any one should go there at night."

"We can easily calm their fears. They know your voice, and you can go first and tell them who we are."

"I am anxious to go and meet my sister," said Crawley, "but I am afraid that the old chief is too weak and weary to accompany us. Perhaps we had better rest here until morning."

Attakulla declared that he was able to ascend the mountain, and that he was willing to go forward to the lodge if the rest were desirous of doing so.

Attakulla's horse was tethered in the valley, and they commenced to climb the mountain, by the path which led up from the spring.

Stafford was so eager to press forward, that it was not yet dark when they reached the plateau where Hetty had been glad to find a refuge, and they hastened to the hut, which they could see standing against the foot of the cliff.

Although the hut was still there, no signs of habitation could be seen. The grass had grown up before the door, and the path appeared not to have been trodden in a long time.

Attakulla went first and called Moawee, but there was no

answer. He returned to his friends, and said that he feared that something had happened—that there was no one in the lodge.

“What can be the matter?” asked Stafford, suddenly becoming down-hearted and fearful. “Have we come so far, and with such great hopes, only to be terribly disappointed? My God! is it possible that Salouch has been here, and that he has carried off the prize, while we have been lagging by the way?”

“Perhaps they are only sleeping, or taking a stroll,” suggested Crawley. “Let us enter the lodge, and we can easily tell whether they have left it.”

They went into the hut accordingly, but found it, as Attakulla had feared, empty and deserted.

“She is gone!” moodily exclaimed Stafford. “There can be no doubt that Salouch has been here and carried her off.”

“I think it is not so certain,” calmly replied Crawley, who had been carefully examining the hut and the cave. “It seems probable to me that they have moved away quietly and deliberately, of their own accord.”

“You speak very coolly about it. What makes you say so?”

“If Hetty had been taken away, it must have been done forcibly, for you know that she would not have consented to go with Salouch. If she was taken forcibly, there must have been a struggle. Moawee was with her, and probably the son of Attakulla, and there would have been some signs of their resistance; but we can see nothing of the kind. Besides, their cooking utensils, and other articles of furniture, have been removed, as if they had taken them somewhere else. I am inclined to believe that they have feared some danger, and have sought another hiding-place.”

As the others concurred in the opinion, Stafford was fain to be consoled by it, and the party passed the night in the hut.

“We will find her yet!” joyfully exclaimed Stafford in the morning, as he returned to the hut from an early walk on the plateau. “Catamarra has found a trail, so slight that I would never have noticed it. It is the print of some moccasined

feet on the soft ground. Hetty's tracks would be smaller, I think; but the trail may have been made by Moawee."

This intelligence caused the party to set forth hastily, and they followed the slight trail, with Catamarra as a leader.

It led them higher up the mountain, across rugged ridges and deep gullies, until they lost it in a narrow valley, through which flowed a little stream. The location of the valley was hardly half a mile from that of the hut, and its sides were rough and precipitous.

"We have lost the trail," said Stafford, "and I doubt whether it would be worth while to follow it any further if we could find it, for it is not likely that that trail was made by any of our friends. They would not have gone in this direction, if they had considered the other place dangerous."

"I am not so sure of that," said Matthew. "For my part, if I was driven from a hiding-place, I should be more apt to seek another near it, than to go far away. That is just what has been done, and we have come to the right place; for, look, Stafford! there is a woman waving to us from the cliff yonder. As I live, it is Hetty herself!"

Stafford looked, and saw Hetty Crawley standing on a ledge, a little way up the rocky side of the valley. She was waving a branch, and beckoning to them.

"Come on! It is she!" he shouted, as he hastily commenced to climb the rocks. Catamarra followed, supporting the old chief up the incline, and Matthew Crawley brought up the rear.

They soon reached the narrow ledge on which Hetty had been seen, and again they saw her, standing in front of a gate that was set in a rude wall of stones. An Indian man and woman were looking over the wall from within, and Hetty was waving her branch more vigorously than before.

"Hurry!" she shouted. "There are Indians coming up on the other side!"

Stafford hastened forward and entered the inclosure, followed by the Catawba and the old chief; but Crawley, who was a little way behind them, was startled by feeling a hand laid upon his shoulder. He stopped, turned around, and found himself in the grasp of a stalwart and black-faced savage.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER SEARCH.

SALOUEN, after his encounter with Warren Stafford, had a friend to ask him what had happened to him, as well as his antagonist.

He had not walked far from the scene of the combat, when he met Fiftoe, who advanced eagerly to meet him.

"What is the matter with my brother?" asked the dark-featured warrior. "Has he had a fight? Has he been in the river?"

"I have had a fight, and I have been in the river," answered Salouen. "I have seen Stafford, the English lover of the White Rose."

"Have you met that dog to-day? Then you have killed him, and the White Rose need not think of him any more."

"I have not killed him."

"It is plain that he has not killed you. Why did you let him live?"

"It was not I who let him live. It was the Great Spirit, who said that I should not kill him, and that he should not kill me."

"It is strange. Where is your gun?"

"It is broken."

"Where is your hatchet?"

"It struck his gun when I threw it at him, and glanced off and was lost."

"Where is your knife?"

"In the bottom of the river, with his."

"You have had a hard fight, but neither of you are killed. I do not understand it. Will you tell me about it?"

Salouen gave a description of the combat to Fiftoe, who listened to it with more interest than his Indian training would allow him to express.

"The Great Spirit did not mean that you should kill him," said he. "But you can seek for the White Rose as well."

he can, and you will be more likely to find her, for Latinac can tell you where she is, and can take you to the place."

"I must go to him and make him do so. You will go with me to the mountains, Fiftoe, and we can pick up a few scattered warriors, for we might need help. The White Rose is somewhere in the mountains, but I do not know where. Attakulla knew, and I tried to force him to tell me the secret, but he would not. If I could have got it from him, I need not have asked any thing of Latinac."

"What has become of Attakulla?"

"I left him shut up in a log-house near Etchoe."

"Had we not better go and let him out?"

"It is too late. The English are all around the place. I suppose they have burned the house with the rest of the town."

"Let us go to Latinac, then."

"I will. If the Frenchman has lied to me, I will kill him. We have been beaten by the English; our people are broken and scattered; our country is destroyed; and I have nothing left to care for but the White Rose. If I can not find her, I do not care to live."

Salouch did not stop to rest. He only washed the blood and dust from his person, furbished up his soiled and torn apparel, replaced his broken plume with a feather suitable to the dignity of a chief, and went with Fiftoe in search of Latinac.

They found the French officer engaged in preparing to leave the country, and intending to start for Fort Toulouse in the morning. He received his visitors politely but coldly.

"I have come to ask you for a rifle, a hatchet, a knife, and some powder and bullets," said Salouch.

"Do you intend to turn hunter, now that you have ceased fighting?" asked Latinac.

"I have not forgotten how to fight, nor have I forgotten how to hate the English. You know that I can fight."

"Your people got terribly beaten, and they are anxious to make peace with the English," sneered the Frenchman. "I suppose you have had enough of fighting for the present."

"We are not able to fight any more now, but the time may come when we will be able. Are you going to give me the things that I asked for?"

"There they are," petulently replied Latinac, as he handed the young chief some weapons and ammunition. "Do you want any thing more of me?"

"Yes. I want *you*."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I want you to go and show me where to find the White Rose."

"You are joking."

"I never joke. I mean what I say. You promised that you would tell me where she is, and would take me to her."

"You are mistaken. I promised that you should have her when you had driven the British out of the country. Have you done so?"

"I have not. The Great Spirit was against us, and we lost the great battle. Many of our warriors have been slain for the king of France."

"To gratify your own passion and ambition, you should say. You have gained nothing for the king of France."

"We are talking too much. I want you to take me to the White Rose."

"You speak as if you expected to command me. As you have not performed your part of the agreement, you must know that I am not bound to perform mine."

"You know where the White Rose is, and I do not."

"That furnishes no reason why I should tell you. Why did you not make Attakulla tell you? You would not trust in me. Go and find out from him."

"He is dead. I left him shut up in a house at Etchoc, and the English have burned the town."

"That is one good deed that they have done. You have nothing more to do with me, Salouch. There is no reason why I should help you find your English girl."

"But you must."

"Must?"

"Yes. You must take me to her."

"Do you mean to try to force me to this?"

"I must force you to it, unless you will do it willingly. I am desperate, and I am determined in this matter. I have nothing else to care for, and you must take me to the White Rose. I will kill you."

"Do you think you are able to do that?"

"If he is not able, I can help him," said Fistoe, scowling savagely by the side of his friend.

Latinac was no coward, but he was a man whose prudence was sufficient to cause him to yield to superior force. He felt that he must do what the young chief required of him, and inwardly resolved that he would be revenged for the indignity.

"I perceive that you are in a nest," said he. "I had not supposed that your passion for that white-faced girl was so strong. Very well. I will go with you, although it is inconvenient for me to do so at present, as I had made arrangements to go to another place. When do you propose to start?"

"Before the sun rises."

In order to make sure that their unwilling guide should not give them the slip, Salouch and Fistoe passed the night in his lodge. They aroused him early in the morning, and set out on their journey.

They fell in with three straggling warriors, whom Salouch easily induced to join them, and they passed on until they reached the valley from which the path ran up to the hut on the mountain-side, where they made arrangements to spend the night.

It had been the object of Latinac, when he made his arrangements to leave the country of the Cherokees, to pass through the mountains with a sufficient escort to seize Hetty Crawley on the way, and to carry her to Fort Toulouse, where he would have her safe from both Salouch and Stafford.

This plan had been defeated by the demand of Salouch, backed up by Fistoe, to which he had been obliged to yield; but he was quite unwilling to abandon the project, and was chafed at having been compelled to make a journey for another, which he had desired to undertake on his own account.

He resolved to make an effort to change the position of affairs, and saw nothing for it but to attempt to win over Fistoe to his side. He knew that the dark-skinned warrior was the sworn friend of Salouch, but thought that he could make him

such promises as would be sufficient to tempt him from his allegiance.

He opened the subject to Fiftoe that night, when he met him near the spring in the valley. He told the Indian how he had fallen in with Hetty Crawley, how he had conceived a violent passion for her, and how he desired to gain possession of her, and how he had formed a plan for the attainment of his object, which had been frustrated by Salouch.

"The white maiden does not love Salouch," said he. "She hates him, and it would be wrong to let him have her, for she would never make a wife for him, but would run away as soon as she could. If you will help me to get her, and to carry her to Fort Toulouse, you shall go with me, and I will do great things for you. I will give you rifles, and hatchets, and blankets, and beads, and medals, and whatever you wish, so that you will be a great man among your own people."

"That is good," replied the warrior; "Fiftoe is nobody among his own people now, and the English will kill him if they catch him. How can we get the White Rose, and how can we keep her from the chief?"

"If you will help me, we can kill Salouch, or can slip out of his way, and then we can easily find her and take her with us."

"Suppose we get her first, and then steal her from Salouch. That will be the easiest thing to do."

"Very well. I shall rely upon you to help me."

Latimac went to sleep with his mind relieved, chuckling over the thought that he would yet be more than even with Salouch, and that he would attain the object of his desires.

Fiftoe immediately went to Salouch, and gave him full details of the conversation.

"It is good," replied the chief. "The Frenchman is foolish. Let us first find the White Rose, and then I will speak to him about the matter."

Early in the morning, Salouch and his party ascended the mountain, reaching Tellikee's lodge a short time after Stafford and Crawley had left it.

"That is the place," said Latinac, pointing to the hut at the foot of the cliff. "Shall I go first?"

"No; I will go first," replied Salouch; "but it is useless, for no one is living there."

"Why do you say so?"

"Because I know it. It is plain enough that that lodge is empty. Come and see."

The chief opened the door and entered the lodge, followed by Latinac and Fiftoe. They found it indeed empty, with no signs of occupancy remaining.

"What do you say now? Where is the White Rose?" asked Salouch, turning to the Frenchman.

"She has gone away with her friends, I suppose. Probably they are only taking a stroll and will return directly."

"They will not, for no one is living in this lodge, as I just told you."

"It is certain that some one has been here lately, for the signs are plain."

"The signs are those of men; there was not a woman among them. I am now sure, Latinac, of what I suspected before. I suspected that you were telling me what was not true, and making a promise which you could not perform, in order that you might use me for your own purposes. I said to Fiftoe, before I went to find you, that you should suffer for it if you had lied to me. You were to bring me to the White Rose. We have come, but she is not here, and there is nothing to prove that she has been here."

"Do you think that I have deceived you?"

"I know that you have deceived me in some way. Where is the White Rose?"

"She was here, with the son and daughter of Attakulla; but she has gone, and I know nothing about her now."

"If she has been here, you have sent her away, or have taken her away."

"I assure you that I have not—that I know nothing about her."

"Then you have lied to me."

"What do you say?"

"*Vous en avez menti!* Do you understand me when I speak your own language?"

"You shall repent of this."

"You will not live long enough to make me repent of it."

"What do you mean? Have you brought me here to murder me?"

"Why should I not? You have plotted to murder me."

"Who says so?"

"Last night you tried to persuade Fiftoe to kill me, so that you might take the White Rose. You have deceived me; you have lied to me, and you must die, Latinac."

The Frenchman quailed before the fierce and determined looks of the young chief. He was unarmed, while Fiftoe and Salouch and their companions held their tomahawks ready in their hands. The force was too great for him to venture to oppose it, and he thought only of flight; but that, too, was hopeless.

He turned, and ran across the plateau, but the right hand of Salouch was raised, grasping his tomahawk. With a yell the chief hurled the shining weapon. It whizzed in circles through the air, and its sharp edge sunk into the brain of the fugitive just as he reached the brink of the precipice. At the same moment a bullet from Fiftoe's rifle passed through his body,

The Frenchman uttered his death-cry, as he fell over the ledge, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

"He deserved to die, whether he lied or not," said Salouch, as he took the hatchet which an Indian brought back to him. "If the White Rose was in that lodge he has taken her away or has frightened her away."

"That was the lodge of Tellikey, the son of Attakulla," said one of the warriors. "I know where to find him."

"You do? Why did you not tell me so before?"

As the warrior knew nothing about the White Rose, and did not know for whom the chief had been searching, his answer was easy and satisfactory.

"Lead the way, and take us to Tellikey," ordered Salouch. "Somebody has been here before us, and we have no time to lose."

The man hastened to obey, and the party proceeded, as

rapidly as possible, through a narrow gully that led up the mountain, until they reached a point overlooking the little valley which had already been discovered by Warren Stafford and his companions.

"We shall not find the White Rose here," said Salouch; "she could never have traveled the path by which we have come."

"There is another path, but this was the nearest way," replied the warrior.

He led the way down the steep mountain-side, followed by the others, until they rested on a narrow ledge, about half way down toward the valley.

"The lodge of Teliikee is just beyond us," said the guide, pointing along the ledge. "Is not that a woman there, who is waving a branch?"

"It is; it is the White Rose! To whom is she waving?"

"There are some men down below. Two of them are English."

"I see Stafford and Attakulla and the brother of the White Rose!" exclaimed Salouch. "She is waving to them, and they are running up to meet her. Come on, or they will get there before we can reach her!"

All the Indians sprang forward, Fifoe in the advance, and ran along the ledge, toward the place where the girl was standing.

The others hastened their steps, and reached a gate in a wall of stone, before Salouch and his friends could come up with them. All had entered the gate, except one tall Englishman, whom Fifoe seized by the arm, and held in his iron grasp.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RESULT.

HETTY CRAWLEY could not rest after her adventure with Latinac, until she persuaded Tellikee to find another hiding-place, and to leave the hut on the mountain-side.

The threat of the Frenchman, that he would return and bring Salouch with him, still rang in her ears. She felt sure that he would come, and was every day in dread of his making his appearance, together with the chief, whom she feared more than any other man.

Moawee shared her fear, and the young hunter was glad to comply with the wishes of his sister and her friend. It was not long before he announced that he had found a suitable place, where they would be in no danger of being molested by either Latinac or Salouch. They immediately deserted the hut, exchanging it for the place which Tellikee had picked out, and Hetty again felt comparatively at ease.

Their new abode was certainly one which no wandering hunter or passer-by would be likely to hit upon, or which any one who sought for them would be likely to find. Up in the mountain Tellikee had found a little valley, not far from the old hut, surrounded by tall cliffs. About half way up one of its precipitous sides, was a cavern in the rock, the entrance to which could not be seen from below, even if any one should venture into the valley. He had easily cleared it out and made it habitable, so that it was almost as pleasant a dwelling as that which they had formerly occupied. Across the entrance he had built a stout wall of stones, with a heavy gate of oak logs, making a fortification which he would be able to defend in case of necessity. In front of the cavern was a level ledge of rock, about a rod wide, which diminished to a narrow pathway as it ran toward the north and south.

They had moved to this place just before a rain-storm, by which their trail had been entirely effaced, and only one trip had been made back to the hut, when Moawee went there for something which had been forgotten.

In this wild and secluded retreat they felt quite safe, and the months of spring and summer passed away pleasantly. Their only trouble was with regard to Attakulla, whom they were all anxious to see, and who would not know where to look for them, when he should come and find their hut empty. He had left them before Latinac had made his last visit, and had not since come to the mountains. Indeed it might be a long time before they would see him, as he considered that his presence was continually required among his people, during those times of war and trouble.

From the outer world, also, they heard but seldom and scanty news. They knew that important events were transpiring in which they, in common with many others, had a deep interest, but they received no particulars of what was going on.

Tellikee, whose rifle was their only dependence for subsistence, had twice met with Cherokees in the course of his hunting excursions, but he had not brought them home, in obedience to the wishes of Hetty and Moawee. He had learned from them that the war was again raging, and that the English with a large army, had marched into the country of the Cherokees, who had gone in force to meet them. Toward the last of July, he fell in with a straggling party of runaways, with their wives and children, who told him that a great battle had been fought, that the Cherokees had been defeated, that Sallouch and Piftoe had disappeared, and that the English were laying waste the country with fire and sword.

On the morning after the day on which these last tidings were received, Moawee and Hetty Crawley were seated on the ledge in front of their rocky home, enjoying the fresh air and the pleasant breeze that blew from the valley. The Indian girl was embroidering a pair of leggings for her brother, and her friend, with her head leaning on her hand, was contemplatively gazing down into the valley.

"This is great news that Tellikee has brought home," said Moawee.

"I had expected it," answered Hetty. "The red-men can not fight always against the white men. The English send small armies at first, thinking that they have little to do; and when the Cherokees beat the small armies, they think they are

a great and war-like people. Then the English got very angry, and they send a big army, with a good general, and the Indians are so badly beaten that they can fight no more. It is a'ways the way, Moawee. The red-men can not stand before the white men."

"My sister speaks truth, and therefore they should try to live in peace. It makes my heart sore to hear that my people have been killed, and that their country is being ruined; but they ought not to have made war upon the English. Attakulla told them so, and he is very wise. He told them what the end would be."

"I have expected this for a long time, Moawee. If I had not expected it, I could not have lived, for I should have had no hope of returning to my friends. The war is ended now, I think, and my brother and Warren Stafford will search for me, and will take me home, if they can find me; but I fear that it will not be easy for them to find me."

"The White Rose need not be troubled about that. If there is peace, Attakulla will do as he has promised, and will take her to her own country. Then her sister will be alone, and Tellikee will be very sad."

"You must go with me, Moawee. Tellikee will be more happy in the forest, and among the young men of his nation."

A very unsentimental grunt from the young hunter, who was leaning sadly against the walled entrance of the cavern, interrupted the colloquy.

"I smell a smoke; it is the smoke of tobacco," he said, as he stepped forward and snuffed the air that came up from the valley.

The scent, which was imperceptible even to the delicate nerves of Hetty, became more apparent to the practiced sense of the young Indian, who stood near the edge of the rock, and gazed earnestly down into the valley. Soon he uttered a slight exclamation, and called to Hetty.

"Let the White Rose look," said he. "There are Englishmen in the valley, and Attakulla is with them."

Hetty hastened to look in the direction that was pointed out by the finger of the Indian, and directly she burst into tears of joy.

"Merciful God!" she exclaimed. "I can not be mistaken. I see Warren Stafford and my brother!"

"They are looking about, as if searching for a path. Shall I go and meet them?"

"No, Telikee. It is not worth while. Hand me a green branch, and I will wave to them."

The young Indian gave her a branch which she waved until she attracted the attention of those below.

"They have seen us, and are coming up the hill," said she.

"Come back!" exclaimed Telikee, whose quick eye had caught sight of something else. "Come inside the wall, both of you, for there are enemies about!"

Hetty looked to the right, and saw several Indians on the narrow part of the ledge, and among them she recognized the well-known and dreaded form of Salouch. With a shriek, she threw down the branch, and hastily followed Moawee into the inclosure.

After a few moments, Hetty, trembling with fear and anxiety, was clasped in the arms of her lover. The next moment Catamarra and Attakulla were at her side.

Telikee stood at the gate to let them in; but Salouch and his party came up almost as soon as the others, and Matthew Crawley, who was the last of the Englishmen, was too late to enter with his friends, for Fiftoe rushed forward and seized him by the arm before he reached the gate.

Telikee was compelled to close the barricade and seize his rifle, calling upon Attakulla and the others for assistance.

Salouch and his friends drew back out of the reach of the rifles, and Matthew Crawley and Fiftoe were left grappled in front of the cavern.

Although the young Englishman had been startled by the sudden attack of Fiftoe, he had not lost his presence of mind. He was a little taller than his antagonist, but was not so stoutly built or so heavy. As he looked down on the dark form of Fiftoe, he felt that his life was staked against that of the Indian, and that strength and skill must decide the contest.

The opponents were clinched so tightly that they could not

think of using their knives, and each put forth his best endeavors, and exerted all his strength, to force the other to the edge of the precipice, and throw him over.

The friends of each witnessed this fearful struggle with almost breathless interest and anxiety, waiting under cover, with weapons ready to be used if the slightest chance should present itself; but the combatants were so closely interlocked in each other's arms, and their turnings and twistings were so frequent and furious, that a bullet would have been as likely to hit one as the other.

Warren Stafford and Salouch would gladly have rushed out from their cover to the assistance of their respective friends; but either of them, if he had made the attempt, would have been instantly shot.

Hetty Crawley, as pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, gripped the stone wall until the blood started from her fingers, unable to turn her eyes away from the terrible scene that was being acted before her.

At last, Matthew Crawley tripped up the left leg of the Indian; but his foot slipped at the same time, and both fell together, so close to the edge of the cliff that a shudder ran through the frames of all the spectators in the cavern.

Hetty shrieked, and fell forward on the stone wall, clasping her hands in prayer.

With a violent effort the men sprung up, still locked in that deadly embrace.

As they rose, Crawley happened to look around, and saw his sister. He smiled; his eyes flashed fire, and he suddenly jerked loose his right arm, and struck Filtoe a terrific blow on the forehead.

The savage loosed his hold, tottered back, and fell over the precipice into the craggy depths below.

Crawley sprung toward the inclosure, and went over the stone wall with a bound, amid a volley from the Indians.

Salouch and his party, after they had vainly fired upon the victorious Englishman, uttered a howl of rage and disappointment, and sought shelter from which they might direct their fire upon the entrance to the cavern.

When Matthew Crawley had rested himself, and had received the welcome of his sister and the congratulations of

his friends, he was anxious to go out and measure strength with Salouch.

"Come, Stafford," said he; "let us go and thrash the rest of the red-skins. We have no business to stay cooped up here. That devil, Salouch, is among them, and it is a good time to settle the grudge that I have against him. We are four to their four, not counting Attakulla."

"We do not know how many there are behind those four," said the old chief. "It is not worth while to fight them, for they will go away when they see that they can not hurt us."

"Do not go, brother!" implored Hetty. "I can not bear to see you fight again, after that awful struggle, in which you hardly escaped with your life."

As no one would accompany him, the young man was forced to content himself within the barricade, and he soon found occupation in watching the savages outside, who, sheltering themselves behind the rocks, kept up a desultory fire upon the cavern, which was occasionally answered by the besieged.

This sort of warfare hurt nobody, and Salouch, growing impatient, loudly called upon the Englishmen to come out and fight. As they would not be provoked, he directed his taunting defiance to Telli-kee.

"Telli-kee is a dog, and the son of a dog," he said. "He is worse than a squaw, and is afraid to fight any thing but squirrels and young deer."

The young Indian laid down his rifle, whispered to Moawce, and quietly slipped out of the inclosure.

With the stealthiness and agility of a cat, he climbed up and along the steep face of the rock on the outside, until he came just over the spot where Salouch was concealed. Then, suddenly dropping down upon the astonished chief, he prostrated him by a blow, then lifted him up bodily, holding him so as to be a shield from the bullets of the other Indian, and ran to the inclosure, where he quickly entered the gate, which was held open for him by Moawce. He threw his burden on the floor of the cave, and bound him, before Salouch could hardly comprehend what had happened to him.

"Is Telli-kee a dog and a coward?" he asked, triumphantly. "What Salouch answer?"

"There is your man, Crawley," said Stafford, pointing to the prostrate chief. "Are you ready to kill him?"

"Not now. I could kill no man who is bound and helpless. Besides, Moawee loves him, wretch as he is."

The Indians outside, surprised and dismayed by the capture of their leader, set up another howl, and discharged their guns harmlessly at the barricade.

Their howl was answered by yells from below, and directly a large body of Cherokees came rushing up the ascent, and collected on the ledge in front of the cave.

"What does this mean?" asked Crawley, seizing his rifle. "Stand to your guns, my friends, for here is another swarm of red-skins!"

The movements of the new-comers were inexplicable to those within the cavern. Instead of showing any indications of hostility, they immediately seized and bound the remaining companions of Salouch, and advanced with signs of friendship.

Attakulla went out to meet them, and, after a brief talk, invited the principal men to enter the gate.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

It soon appeared that this party of Indians had come in search of Attakulla.

The Cherokees, completely broken down, and fearful that their country would be ruined, and that their nation would be exterminated by the enraged and victorious English, were very anxious to make peace with the conquerors. As the efforts of their warriors had failed to secure the desired result, they resolved to send for Attakulla, who was known by the English to have always been their faithful and steadfast friend, and to ask him to sue for the peace which they had been unable to obtain.

A deputation was sent to seek the old chief, who learned

that he had been seen in company with some Englishmen, going toward the mountains. They got upon his trail, and carefully followed it until they reached the valley in the midst of the hills.

They heard, on the way, that Salouch and his friends had also been seen going in the same direction. Conjecturing his object, they put a party on his trail, and found that it joined the other in the mountains.

When they came to the valley, they soon found that some kind of a contest was going on up the cliff, and rightly concluded that Attakulla and his friends were besieged by Salouch and his party.

Here, they thought, was a fine opportunity to gain the friendship of the old chief, and to induce him to grant their request, by going to his assistance, and delivering into his hands the man who had been persecuting him.

The challenge of Salouch to Tellikee showed them that they had rightly guessed the position of affairs, and they ran up the cliff just in time to see the young chief captured and carried into the cave.

The object of the deputation was soon explained, and their request was readily granted by Attakulla, who lamented the condition of his people, and was as anxious as any of them to conclude a lasting peace with the English.

Then the Cherokees, like many other people who have been vanquished in wrongful wars, sought to lay all the blame on their leader, and to offer him up as an expiation for their crimes.

"Where is Salouch?" asked the principal chief among them. "Where is that dog who lied to us and made us go to war, and who has been abusing our father, Attakulla? Let us have him, and we will punish him as he richly deserves."

The other Cherokees, imitating the example set them by this time-server, became clamorous that Salouch should be given to them, and Attakulla looked around for the young chief.

"Salouch was here," said he, "but I do not see him here now."

"He is gone. You can not find him," said Moawee.

It was true that the young chief had escaped. The quick-witted daughter of Attakulla, perceiving that he would be inquired for, had quietly cut his bonds, thrown a blanket over him, and allowed him to slip through the gate. He had gone out unobserved, and had hastened to get away from the valley.

When it was ascertained that Salouch had really given them the slip, Attakulla directed the Cherokees to release their three captives, and prepared to accompany them on their return.

The next morning he set out, together with his son and daughter, and his English friends.

When the old chief reached the camp of Colonel Grant, at Fort George, he at once addressed himself to the task of arranging a peace, and made a speech to the commander, which has been recorded as follows :

" You live at the water-side, and are in light. We are in darkness, but hope we will be clear. I have been constantly going about doing good ; and though I am tired, yet I am come to see what can be done for my people, who are in great distress. As to what has happened, I believe it has been ordered by our Father above. We are of a different color from the white people. They are superior to us. But one God is Father of us all, and we hope what is past will be forgotten. God Almighty made all people. There is not a day but that some are coming into, and others going out of, the world. The Great King told me the path should never be crooked, but open for every one to pass and repass. As we all live in one land, I hope that we shall live as one people."

Peace was made and formally ratified. The English returned to Carolina, and the Cherokees to their desolated country. Attakulla, who had again become the leader of his people, counseled them to go to work and repair damages, advising them not to attempt to strive against the English any more.

Matthew Crawley and Warren Stafford accompanied the army when it went back to the provinces, taking Hetty with them.

Happy in the society of her lover and her brother, the

White Rose wished others to be happy, and she most earnestly entreated her friend Moawee to go with her to Carolina.

"No" sadly answered the Indian girl. "Let my sister go, and be happy. She is good, and she deserves that the Great Spirit should bless her. She will live pleasantly among her people, but Moawee would be a stranger there. Moawee is not selfish, but it would make her heart sore to see the White Rose happy with her lover. Moawee must not go with her sister. She has something to do in her own country, and among her own people."

"Are you still grieving for Salouch?" asked Hetty. "I am afraid that he is not worth the trouble that you give yourself about him."

"My sister should not say so. It is no time to speak ill of him when he has been defeated, when he has been driven forth from his people, and when he is abused by those who were so lately full of his praises."

"I would not willingly hurt your feelings, Moawee; but I can never forgive him for having forgotten his love for you."

"Moawee has forgiven him. Her heart still clings to the young chief, and she can never forget how brave and handsome he is. Farewell, my sister. Leave Moawee alone with her grief and with the Great Spirit."

Hetty also bid a friendly adieu to Telikee, who shouldered his rifle and gloomily stalked off into the forest, after taking a last look at the White Rose, who was soon happily united to Warren Stafford.

It was evening, about a month after the conclusion of the treaty of peace with the English, and Salouch stood alone by the side of the shaded spring, near the ruins of the burned town of Keowee, where he had spoken to Moawee those harsh words, in which he told her that he no longer loved her.

He was plainly dressed; there was no warrior's paint upon his face, or any part of his person, and the plume of a chief no longer waved over his scalp-lock.

He stood with folded arms and downcast looks, gazing

mournfully into the clear fountain, and sadly meditating on what was, what had been, and what might have been.

He was shorn of his power and his glory, and was alone, separated from his people, and deserted by those who had so eagerly listened to his words and so gladly followed him to battle.

His bosom friend, Fiftoc, was dead, and he had lost his own prestige by having been ignominiously captured by the youthful son of Attakulla. No longer considering himself a warrior, he had discarded his paint, and had thrown away his crest of feathers.

He had lost the White Rose, to gain whom he had risked every thing, and he had rejected the true and earnest love of Moawee, who was the most beautiful among the maidens of his nation. No one was left to care for him, and he had nothing to live for.

As he thought of these things, his heart was sick, his hands dropped to his side, and he leaned heavily against a tree.

There was a light step, which was no more heard than the sighing of the evening breeze, and a light hand was laid upon his shoulder.

He turned, and saw Moawee standing by his side.

There was no shade of reproach or complaint upon her countenance; but her dark eyes beamed upon him as fondly as ever, and her accents were low and loving.

"Is Salouch alone and sad?" she said. "Let Moawee remain with him and comfort him. Is he in trouble? Let him tell Moawee his care, and she will share his trouble with him."

"Why have you come to seek me?" asked the young chief, shading his face with his hands. "I was alone, and I wanted to die."

"Salouch must not die while Moawee lives. He has been absent from her a long time. Has he forgotten his love for her?"

"Can Moawee love me now, when I have treated her so badly?"

"Moawee has always loved her warrior. He was absent from her a long time, and she is glad that he has returned."

"But I am no longer a warrior. I was taken prisoner by a boy. Attakulla is angry with me, and the other chiefs are glad to do as he does, and to say what he says."

"Telligence took you by surprise, and there are few men stronger than he, although he is young. My father will love you because Moawee loves you, and your people will be glad to welcome you back."

"If Moawee can love me now, my heart will be strong again; but I do not deserve her love."

"Moawee will always love her warrior and her chief. Let us go to Attakulla."

The girl took her repentant lover by the hand, and led him to the lodge of the old chief.

"Here is your son, my father," said she. "He has come back to his people, and you must welcome him."

"My son is welcome," heartily replied Attakulla, as he took Baloueh by the hand, and led him into his lodge.

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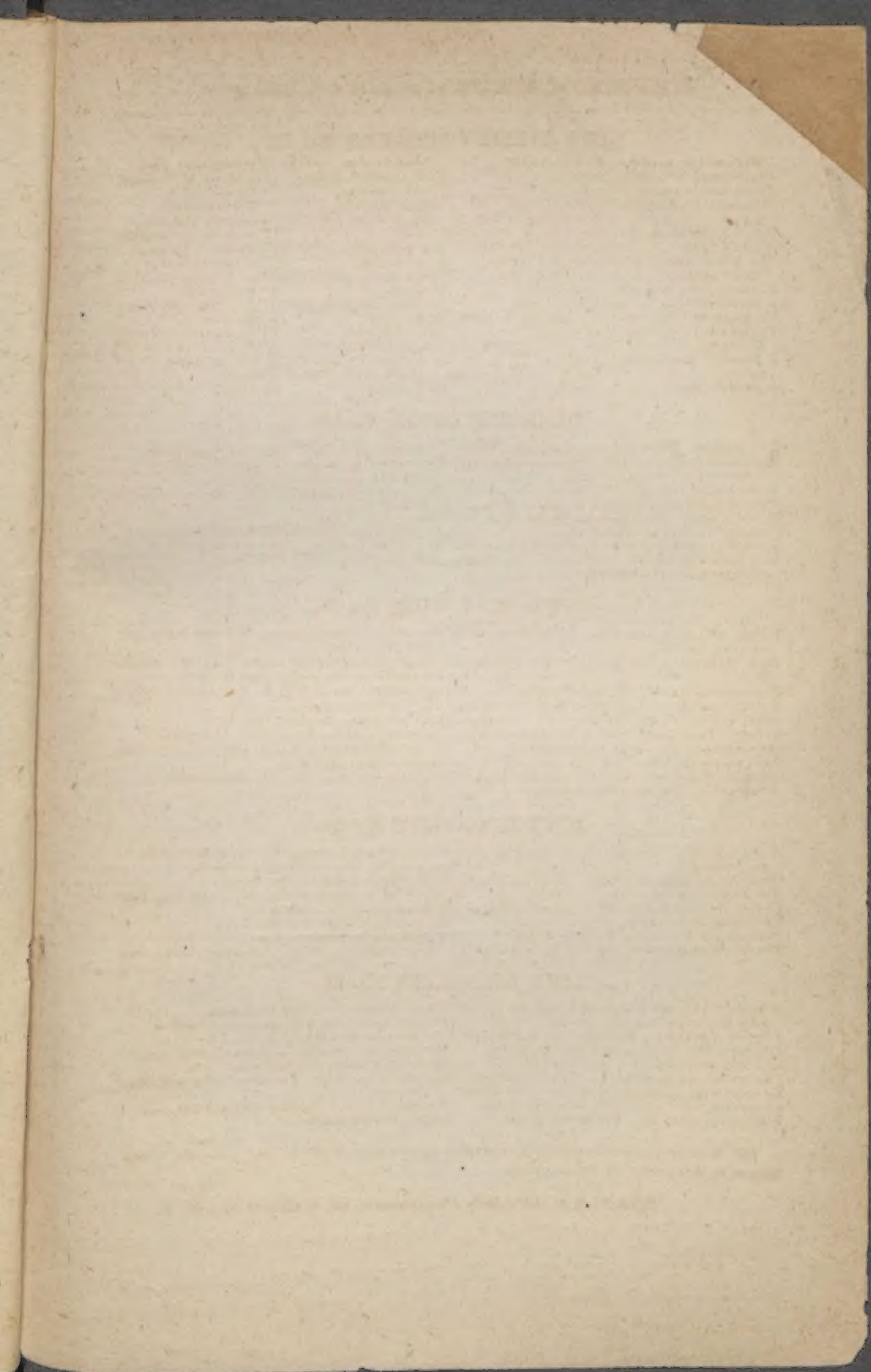
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